

The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

FEBRUARY

1929





THE AMERICAN GIRL
for March
INTERNATIONAL NUMBER

"Ski Hael"

That is what they cry in Norway as they take off for a high ski jump—"Ski Hael." We would say it, "Gangway, we are coming." And that is what THE AMERICAN GIRL is calling just now. For next month our great international issue is coming—more beautiful, more exciting, more filled with thrilling stories and delightful pictures than ever before.

There is the romantic story of a ghost in an old Scotch castle, the thrilling story of a Norwegian ski jumping contest, stories of French girls and Polish girls, of African girls and Roman girls; the surprising end of "Chestnut Court," the exciting beginning of "So That is What Happened to Sally," a new mystery serial. Hold your breath until it comes.



"'Ski Hael!' Her cry was like the battle cry of the Valkyrie. Through the air she soared like an eagle in flight. The shouts of the on-lookers came to her like distant music"—an exciting moment from "Birthday" that is coming next month

THE AMERICAN GIRL
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Well, of All Things!

"WHAT do you think of Mary El-
len?" we asked our assistant edi-
tors. You see, we want to know if our
readers—and the assistant editors are
representative of our readers—like their
athletics articles in story form, the way
Mr. Williams writes them. And much to
our delight—for we are very fond of
Mary Ellen here in THE AMERICAN GIRL
office—the replies we received were over-
whelmingly in favor of her.

"I like the articles immensely, pictures
and all," writes Elizabeth Ash of New
York City. "I'm naturally interested in
basketball, but the illustrations and
opening paragraphs of the hockey article
so fascinated me that I read on and
enjoyed it, although I had never cared
particularly for hockey. Now I under-
stand it better and perhaps like it more.
By all means have more of Mary Ellen,
if you possibly can."

Dorothy Wallace, of Park Ridge, Il-
linois, winner of the first prize in the
What-I-Wish Contest, believes the story
form makes it easy to remember the
rules of the games that are described,
and adds, "Our gym instructor told the
girls to read the hockey article because
it would help us a great deal more than
a lot of lectures she could give."

Martha Jean Warfel says she reads
the stories twice, first for the story and
then a second time for the suggestions
and directions. "I believe I prefer the
sport articles written in a straight mat-
ter-of-fact way," she concludes, "and
I'll take the stories separately." We are
giving Martha Jean just that in the exer-
cise article in this issue—but there are
more Mary Ellen stories coming, too.

Mary McLaughlin finds the Mary
Ellen articles very enjoyable. "Led on
by the witty bits of conversation," she
writes, "the reader soon thrills with the
excitement of the sport and remains
fascinated to the end of another of
Mary Ellen's amusing disasters. . . .
Perhaps there are a few girls who
wouldn't be frightened away by an un-
interesting diagram; by instructions ex-
plained in terse, technical language, and
by an article that lacked all the actual fun
of the game. I imagine, however, that
most of our readers prefer the cold facts
cleverly woven into an interesting story."

Just one fault Mary McLaughlin has
to find with the articles—she says she
thinks it "unnatural that a boy like Bob
should hover around Mary Ellen like
a devoted satellite."

And Ruth Stevenson writes to ask if
girls who didn't win the contest prizes
can write to "Well, of All Things!" too,
and the answer to that is "Yes, indeed.
Write often. We want to hear from you."



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Along the Editor's Trail

I HAVE on my desk an album of old-fashioned pictures, and as I look over these people of long ago, there comes to my mind a conversation I listened to the other day. A man was saying, "Well, we used to have ladylike girls, and then we had breezy, athletic girls, and now we have eager, smart young things. I wonder what will be the style in girls next year?"

The style in girls, he said, not the style in girls' clothes. We are accustomed to think that girls have remained the same during these hundreds of years, and that only the style of their clothes has changed—as if the same girl had put on a tunic in Greece, brocaded velvets in the Middle Ages, bustles in the 1890's and short skirts today.

But really it is the girls inside who have changed, and they have varied the style of their clothes during all these years to fit their own personalities. It was a prim girl who was responsible for prim styles; not prim styles that made the girl seem so.

And that is all very interesting to think about and to ponder over, and it makes a starting point from which to wonder what sort of girl is going to choose clothes to fit herself tomorrow. It is exciting, too, to think that the ideas that are abroad in the world are reflected in the sparkle in girls' eyes, in the swing of their bodies, in the up-tilt of their heads.

But there is another side to this question of style that I find very distasteful. And that is the feeling I have every once in so often that all young girls now-a-days are *exactly* alike. It isn't merely that all girls are responding to the quickened pace at which we are living—I think that is good—but that they are all making themselves after one pattern, trying to fit into the same mold.



I had that feeling very keenly the other day as I waited in the hall of a college dormitory for a friend. It was late afternoon and girls were coming in from classes, stopping for a minute to chat with friends, waiting for tea to be brought in. There must have been twenty or thirty girls who came and went as I waited there, and I came away with a feeling that I had seen twenty copies of one girl, all strung together like the strips of paper dolls my grandmother used to cut from folded paper: twenty paper doll girls who were all training their growing bobs in exactly the same way, whose voices had ex-

actly the same inflections, who used the same slang phrases. Not that I disapprove of slang phrases at all! I think they liven up conversation—but why not have a little variety?

Meeting those twenty girls was like going to hear an orchestra where all the instruments played the same note. You know how an orchestra does function. The violins may set the melody, the brasses take it up and repeat it and perhaps elaborate it, the drums mark the rhythm, the cellos sing the overtones, the wood winds offer their variation, and perhaps advance the musical thought, the violins pick it up again, and so it goes back and forth, weaving a diverse and yet harmonious pattern of sound.

It would not be so delightful if, let us say, the drum sounded a note and each of the other instruments repeated the same one—if the violins squeaked it, the trumpets blared it, the wood winds coughed it, the cellos sobbed it. It would be almost as bad, I think, as to have one girl in a crowd establish a "line," and every other girl in the same crowd repeat it parrot-like whether it suited her abilities and her kind of voice, or not.

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CAMILLE DAVIED, *Editor*
MARGARET MOCHRIE, *Managing Editor*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A. J. FEHRENBACH, *Business Manager*
ELSIE WRASE, *Circulation Manager*

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Anne Flory Wilde, *Manager*, New York; Powers & Stone, Inc., First National Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois
Harry E. Hyde, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Hallet E. Cole, 1459 North Catalina Avenue, Pasadena, California

VOLUME XII

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 11

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Song for an Old-fashioned Valentine

*There is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.*

*Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles—
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.*

*Cupid is wingèd and doth range
Her country—so my love doth change:
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.*

ANONYMOUS



THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Camille Davied, Editor

February, 1929

Illustrations by Robb Beebe



"We'd be rescued by a bird-man with a dimple in his chin," said Lois

Crusoes Pro Tem

A made-to-order story

By LOUISE WHITEFIELD BRAY
and KATHRYN SMITH

"I DON'T like girls' stories. They aren't true."

Jane made the statement emphatically. She knew it would be challenged by the other four occupants of the *Gypsy*, as it skimmed the Maine sea in the keen September sunshine.

"Real girls don't have adventures," she continued. "They have *fun*—hikes and basketball and tennis and picnics like this birthday one of Emily's, but did any single one of you ever have a long-lost millionaire uncle or a secret cupboard in your house or find any hidden treasure—or—anything?" Jane's imagination, which was not her strongest point, gave out.

"Why, just last night—" began Emily, but stopped, as she remembered that her father had particularly asked her not to mention what had happened last night.

"I call the things adventures," Emily began again, rather wistfully, "that you girls do all the time—like belonging to a troop instead of being a Lone Girl Scout, and going to big schools, and living in cities—"

"Why, how funny!" cried Hilda, her brown eyes round velvet buttons in the larger circle of her chubby face, "to call those things adventures everybody does! Now I'd consider it an adventure to live in a lighthouse on the island, the way you do, Emily, with nobody but your father and mother or a helper except when we all come up to our houses in the summer. Now, I call that adventure—"

"Take this picnic," proceeded Jane, her train of thought

no more to be deflected than a war-time tank once *en route*. "It will be just like all of Emily's birthday picnics."

"Why, Jane Drew!" gasped her sister Sylvia.

Jane hastily amended this apparent rudeness to her hostess.

"Your picnics are much nicer than adventures could possibly be, Emily. That's just what I'm trying to explain. I just mean we'll go in the *Gypsy* to Tinker's Island the way we always do and have one of your mother's marvelous lunches and camp out for the night and go home tomorrow without any adventure about it."

Emily Edwards, listening to the curious beat in her engine, privately and devoutly hoped they would!

"Whereas, if this were a picnic in a story—" continued Jane so patiently and earnestly the rest laughed.

"We'd be wrecked on a desert island," murmured Emily, half to herself, while she swerved the *Gypsy* sharply off her course and aimed for Little Gull Island, hoping she could make it with the engine acting so strangely.

"I know what would happen," began a new voice, that of the Drews' cousin Lois, who had been thoroughly bored by the discussion. "We'd be rescued by a bird-man with a darling dimple in his chin, and a tangled mop of hair—like Lindy's. He'd be a prince, worn out with the cares of state, flying by himself to forget them—"

Zip, zirrup!—zip, zip, bang! sputtered the engine. Did it stop suddenly of itself, or did Emily turn it off? No one noticed, because they were all absorbed in watching

her draw up to a dilapidated wharf on a diminutive island.

"What are we stopping here for?" asked Sylvia. "This isn't Tinker's."

"I thought," replied Emily, as if the idea had been in her mind all the time instead of one minute, "you might like a picnic on Little Gull for a change."

A chorus of eager voices assured her that they would, that they loved the surprise, that they had always longed to explore this island, and had never been invited further than the wharf, to which they had come to buy fish of old Cap'n Binney, who had been the sole inhabitant until he died the previous winter. Emily sent them all scampering to explore, while she, as she said, would settle the *Gypsy*. The moment she was alone, she investigated the engine. She tried this, she tested that—everything, in fact, she could think of, and still it would not go. What could have happened, when only last night Father had gone over it thoroughly and filled the gasoline tank to overflowing in preparation for this picnic? As a last resort, she measured the gasoline. Having done so, she sat down hard and suddenly. There was not a drop of gasoline in the boat! The only way it could have come out was for someone to take it out. And there Emily had her clue!

The Edwards lived on Gull Island, the largest of the three islands off this part of the Maine coast, the other two being Little Gull and Tinker's, both of which were now uninhabited. Gull, nearest the mainland, contained, in addition to the lighthouse which was Emily's home, perhaps a dozen summer cottages belonging to people from New York and Philadelphia, and containing valuable property. Since these houses were on an island two miles from shore, the summer residents had never done more than shutter the windows and lock the doors when they left in the fall. During the previous winter, however, systematic thieving had gone on in all the houses on the opposite side from the lighthouse and out of sight of it. This winter a caretaker was to live on the island, and Emily's father had been appointed deputy sheriff with power to arrest marauders. No one, however, had considered it necessary for the caretaker to arrive before the cottages were empty, certainly not during the first week in September, when only three of the twelve places had been closed.

But while the Edwards had been eating breakfast that morning, the Porters' chauffeur had come over in great excitement and reported that the thief or thieves were already at work. And of all audacious thieves! They had hardly waited for the Porters to leave for good yesterday morning before they began work. During the day, apparently, they had looted the house behind the closed shutters, and at night had carried every-

thing off in the *Clipper*, the finest of the Porter motor-boats. Only the fact that Mrs. Porter had sent the chauffeur back for things she had forgotten, caused the thefts to be discovered.

"What gets me," Jerry had said to Mr. Edwards, "is where they got their gas. I cleared every drop out of the boathouse."

Emily now knew where they had got it. They had stepped over to the Edwards' boat-house a quarter of a mile away, and helped themselves from the *Gypsy*, having, probably, another motive as well. They had taken just enough so that Mr. Edwards, if he had discovered them and set out in pursuit, would have been stranded somewhere out in open waters. Emily felt a little shiver of panic as she wondered what she and her friends could have done, if the gas had given out anywhere except near Little Gull. Beyond lay nothing but open sea, to which both wind and tide would have driven them long before any one would have had reason to set out in search of them.

"Well," thought Emily to herself, "it just shan't spoil my day. And I'm not going to tell the girls and spoil theirs either, until I positively have to!"

"Boo!" said a voice in Emily's ear. Hilda was lying flat on her tummy on the wharf, her head out over the *Gypsy*. "When do we eat?"

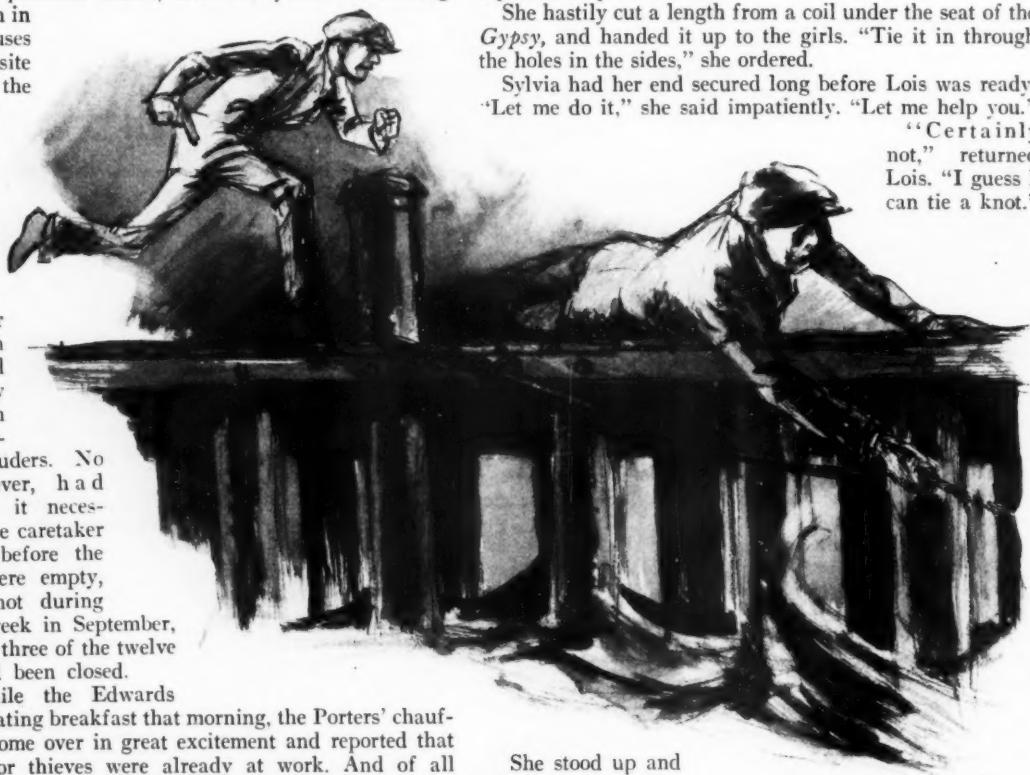
Jumping down into the boat, Hilda helped Emily drag out the huge basket which was an immemorial part of the birthday picnics. Since Jane was far down the shore gathering fuel and flat rocks for the fire, Sylvia and Lois were detailed to carry the basket up the wharf to the beach. It took the combined strength of the two girls in the boat to lift the basket up to the edge of the wharf.

"I'm afraid of that handle," panted Emily. "I'll get you a piece of rope instead."

She hastily cut a length from a coil under the seat of the *Gypsy*, and handed it up to the girls. "Tie it in through the holes in the sides," she ordered.

Sylvia had her end secured long before Lois was ready. "Let me do it," she said impatiently. "Let me help you."

"Certainly not," returned Lois. "I guess I can tie a knot."



She stood up and they set off down the long, rickety wharf.

Hilda and Emily watched them anxiously, as they picked their way among the rotten planks. Suddenly, Lois' high

heel caught in a hole, and the weight of the basket came on the knot she had tied. It slipped out completely. The basket, its handle now secured at only one end, slithered from Sylvia's grasp, and bounced off the wharf into the water.

Instantly Emily and Hilda had scrambled up on the wharf, and there in a row on the edge the four girls stood, gazing down at that wretched basket.

"I'll dive for it," recklessly offered Hilda.

"Indeed you won't," answered Emily. "The bottom's all rocks. Anyway, everything in it will be soaked through in a minute."

"It wasn't my fault," Lois complained. "The rope was too stiff to hold."

"Did you tie a square knot?" demanded Sylvia.

"How do I know? I'm no Girl Scout."

This was too much for Sylvia. "If you had been, at least you'd have known how to tie a knot that would hold! And you'd have had sense enough not to wear high heels on a picnic!"

Emily hastily created a diversion by wiping away an imaginary tear for the lost lunch.

"You don't know," she cried, "the half of what was in that basket, children. There were little sausages to roast on sticks and little rolls to hide them in. And there were turnovers with a new kind of filling. And cakes that were all chocolate outside and yum-yummy inside."

"Stop this instant, Emily," groaned Sylvia. "I can't bear it. Can't we do *something*?"

"Of course we can," drawled Lois, in that superior voice which had frayed her cousins' politeness to the breaking point in the course of a two weeks' visit. "We can go home."

"I'm afraid not, Lois," said Emily, very quietly. "We can't go home or anywhere else. We haven't any gasoline." Sylvia and Hilda looked at her in bewilderment, then suddenly they began to laugh.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," declared Lois with dignity. Being stranded with no food means tragedy to me."

"It's so funny," gurgled Hilda. "Only ten minutes ago, Jane was saying that nothing ever happened to us, and now we're shipwrecked on a desert island with nothing to eat. Oo—ooh, I just love it! We're exactly like Crusoes."

"But only *pro tem*.—I hope," returned Emily.

Jane, meanwhile, was calling lustily from the shore. "Hurry up!" she shouted. "I have the fire all ready to light. I need the matches."

"The matches were in a box on the top of the basket," stammered Emily.

Jane called again, more insistently.

"Listen, everybody," begged Sylvia. "Don't tell Jane we're really shipwrecked. Say we're going to pretend we are, now we've lost our lunch, just to see how well we can manage. It'll be a lovely joke on her when she finds out we've really had an adventure after all."

Jane made up for a lack of imagination and humor by being a good sport. Now, to Sylvia's statement that they were going to play "desert island," she merely replied, "All right."

Obviously the first important thing to do was to hold a conference on the question of food. Emily was elected chairman, since it was her picnic.

"Any suggestions for a menu?" was her first question.

Whereupon the girls turned and surveyed their refuge. Little Gull was a diminutive, rocky island, with a low growth of scrub trees and bushes. A lone pine, the only real tree, clung to the extreme tip of the island, in spite of the efforts of the wind to dislodge it. A small shack, with a boat-shed beyond, was the only house.

Suddenly Sylvia popped up from the ground, ran over to the nearest bushes, and back.

"Blueberries," she reported briefly.

"You can't make a lunch of just blueberries," complained Lois.

"You'll be lucky if it isn't your supper and breakfast as well," returned Sylvia.

"What *do* people eat on islands?" inquired Hilda.

"Whatever there is to eat," returned Emily, practically. "And that's what we'd better find out—and quickly too."

Whereupon, she divided her forces. Sylvia, having discovered this
(Continued on page 30)

Hilda hacked at the rope with her knife; Lois whirled the lantern



By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Jo Ann



AS SOON as Jo Ann said the words she flared scarlet and would have given a semester's allowance to have had them unspoken, because of a hundred things but also because Tommy Bassick, rushing over to scoop up the escaping basketball, heard them. He stopped short just behind Fatty Lamb as he heard the words, and he grinned at Jo Ann. Jo Ann would have leaped from her seat to tangle her hands in Tommy Bassick's hair and have it out with him then and there, but it couldn't be done. For he laughed and, dribbling the ball, was across the hall in an instant, and out of reach.

The terrible thing happened in this way: This fat boy—Norbert Lamb—came strolling up to where Jo Ann and Wicky sat in the front row at the Spenceville-Dorton basketball game and touched his cap.

"Lo, Wicky!" he said, for he came from the same town as Julia Wickham. "Looks as if it would be a close game. Who's who?"

This meant that he wanted to be introduced to Jo Ann, of course, and Wicky did what was proper.

"Oh, this is my roommate, Norbert!" Wicky exclaimed. "Jo Ann, you know—I've told you about her. This is Norbert Lamb, Jo Ann."

Under almost no circumstances would Jo Ann have thought of saying "How do you do?" or "Mr. Lamb!" or any of the conventional things, because Jo Ann was not apt to say the usual things. She might have said "Hullo!" but as she looked up into Fatty Lamb's face a most peculiar feeling swept her, and she said a thing she had never imagined in all her tomboy life she would ever say to any boy, at any time or place, under any conditions.

"Gosh! What beautiful eyes you have!" Jo Ann said,

and it was then that Reddy Bassick heard her and grinned.

Later that night when Jo Ann and Wicky were back in their room in the dorm, Jo Ann was so mad that tears stood in her eyes. "Kick me, Wicky, kick me!" she begged. "I'm so mad at myself! Imagine yelling at a boy that he has beautiful eyes! A fatty like that, too. Gosh, I make myself sick! But he has beautiful eyes Wicky—don't you think his eyes are beautiful? I mean just lovely?"

Julia was looking at Jo Ann with a puzzled expression. Jo Ann, as Julia knew her, was more apt to look at a boy with a view to deciding what hold would be best to use in throwing him in a wrestle than to find beauty in his eyes. She did not know just what to think of Jo Ann just then.

"I don't know," she said cautiously. "His eyes are nice and brown, anyway. I like blue ones better. You don't suppose you've fallen for him, do you, Jo Ann?"

"Oh, Wicky! You don't think so, do you?" asked Jo Ann in great distress. "They say that when a—a crush comes, it comes all of a sudden like that. Wicky, you don't think I'm going to be silly about him, do you?"

"Well, I certainly hope not," Julia said, cold-creaming her face, a thing Jo Ann never bothered to do. "You're going to be an awful nuisance to me if you've got a crush. You'll be sobbing around and mooning to me about him day and night. It will be awful!"

But the next morning when Wicky asked Jo Ann, with real concern, how she was feeling about Fatty Lamb, her roommate said with her usual frankness that she guessed it had been a false alarm. Wicky said she thanked goodness for that.

"You don't feel as though you just wanted to rush off and be where he is?" Wicky asked. "You don't feel as if you'd die if you didn't see him today?"

"No, I don't," Jo Ann said. "I'm all right now, Wicky. I thought it out last night after you were asleep and snoring."

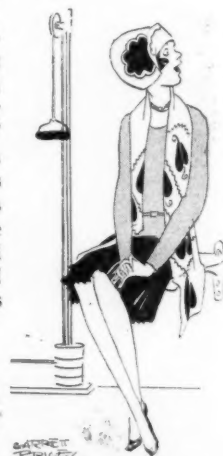
"I do not snore!" Wicky declared.

"Purring, then," said Jo Ann. "I don't want to see Norbert Lamb. I think he's uncouth—fat, I mean. And I wouldn't say he was fat if I had a crush, would I? All I want is to see his eyes."

"Oh, Jo Ann! You have fallen for him, after all. You have!"

"No," Jo Ann said matter-of-factly. "No Wicky! I thought it out last night. I understand it all now. I told you how I used to play marbles and win all the boys' marbles at home. Well, there was a brown carnelian agate in Bentz's window at home that I thought was the most beautiful thing in the world, Wicky. I wasn't happy till I got it, and then I just loved it! And that's all there is to this Norbert Lamb business—his eyes reminded me of my dear lovely carnelian agate marble. So that's that, and we don't have to worry about it any more. Get your shoes on and let's hustle down to breakfast; I'm starved."

And that, as Jo Ann said, may



and the Lamb

Illustrations by Garrett Price

have been that, but, unfortunately, two other girls had heard Jo Ann tell Fatty Lamb his eyes were beautiful, and as she entered the dining room half a hundred voices joined in chanting, "Oh, you beautiful eyes!" and Jo Ann had sent all the bread-rolls at one end of the room flying at her tormentors, when she was suppressed by three professors.

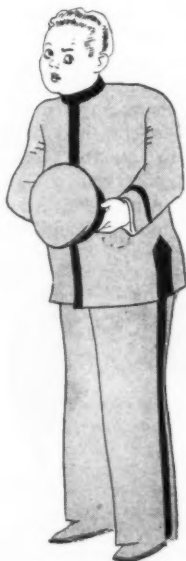
At Spenceville Military, too, the unlucky Fatty Lamb, whose crime was nothing but possessing two eyes that resembled an agate marble he had never seen, was being made considerably miserable. He was given half a dozen new names, among which were "Beautiful Eyes," "Bright Eyes," "Lovely Optics" and others of equal wit, and Ted Spence, who was Tommy Bassick's roommate and thought he was quite a poet, composed a poem which was sing-songed at Fatty everywhere and which caused six fist fights. And it was not fair to the poor fellow because he didn't care a rap for Jo Ann. That poem—

Spenceville has a Fatty Lamb,
His eyes are just bee-oot-iful;
They follow everywhere Jo Ann
In a manner quite de-oot-iful.

How he hated the thing! But something is always necessary to call one person's attention to another, and having Jo Ann's name shouted at him so constantly at least kept her in his memory, and may have been one reason why he accepted when she invited him to the Valentine Hop.

The Spenceville Military School for Boys is not unlike a castle as it stands on its low hill. Across the valley the Winton School for Girls rears its handsome white Colonial buildings on a second hill, and it was trying to maintain its reputation as a highly orderly and respectable school in spite of Jo Ann, although Miss Orvis, the gray-haired president, remarked to Miss Vance, "It seems to me that Josephine Angelina does introduce an element of uneasiness."

The two important social events of the year were the Valentine Hop at the Winton School, to which all the boys of Spenceville School were invited, and the G. W. Prom given by the Spenceville School on Washington's birthday, when all the Winton School girls were guests.



Norbert blinked



"My mistake!" called Professor Higgins. "The lamb is a bear!"

The Valentine Hop, as was appropriate, was a fancy dress party, and at Winton more red hearts were cut out of cardboard than would fill a truck, and were sewed onto white dresses, and the girls were the "askers" when it came to dancing and were supposed to choose their partners and to have the right to cut in to make it more exciting. Everyone wore a mask until after supper. The Spenceville boys—who, of course, scorned parties—began thinking about the Valentine Hop along about October, complaining that it was a darned nuisance to have to go and dance with a lot of girls and that they wished they did not have to. They scorned the Valentine Hop so completely that they hardly talked about anything else all winter, and by Christmas most of them had decided what sort of fancy costumes to wear, and brought the necessary parts with them when they came back from Christmas vacation.

"Gosh!" they would say, "all I hope is that none of those flappers ask me to dance; watch me dodge them when I get there!" But there was not one of them who would not have gladly had measles three times in succession rather than miss the hop. They were, as Jo Ann said, some bluffers!

Norbert Lamb had decided to attend the Valentine Hop as Nathan Hale, in a Continental uniform, but when red-headed Tommy Bassick heard Jo Ann's unfortunate exclamation about Norbert's eyes, he foregathered with his roommate Ted Spence and decided that Norbert would not go as Nathan Hale.

"Look here, Lamb, old son," Tommy said to Norbert, "we've got a swell idea for the Valentine Hop, Ted and I, and we want you to come in with us on it. None of this old fancy dress junk—something different and snappy. Animals."

"Animals?" Norbert queried. "You're not serious?"

"You bet! I am going in a lion rig, and Ted is going as

a tiger—all stripes of black and yellow, you know—and we said right away we wanted you to be one of us. You can be a bear."

"A bear? I don't know how to rig up as a bear," Norbert said innocently.

"A polar bear," Tommy Bassick explained. "It would be pretty hard to rig up a brown bear outfit, or a black bear one, but all we need for a polar bear rig is cotton batting. Sew it on an old suit, you know; we'll help you."

And help him they did. They sewed yards of fluffy cotton batting on his suit, and explained that—just to make it snappy—he would have a big red heart pinned on his back. They were going to have big red hearts on their backs too, they explained. Which was all right enough except that when they had Norbert dressed he did not look much like a polar bear, and they hadn't intended he should. When the night of the hop came they escorted Norbert to Winton School, and Tommy Bassick himself pinned the big red heart on Norbert's back.

"That's fine!" he said. "Ain't it the cat's, Ted?"

"And how!" Ted Spence exclaimed, standing back and looking at the heart with mock admiration. "Bert, you ought to see how that red heart stands out against your white fleece—I mean fur!"

It did, too, but Ted Spence had printed some lines on the heart, of which poor Fatty knew nothing. They were—

Am I looking sheepish—very?
I'll tell the world I am!
But if Jo Ann will be my Mary
I will be her little lamb.

The girls were all in the gym, which was used as a ball room, and the boys came in one at a time, Professor Higgins announcing them in a loud voice, "Captain Kidd, the Pirate!" "D'Artagnan!" "Chico the Jester!"—and so on, and each received more or less applause. "The Royal Bengal Tiger!" cried Professor Higgins as Ted Spence stepped into the gym in his gaudy orange and black stripes, and Ted got more applause than any boy that far. Tommy Bassick, who was hanging back until last, pushed Norbert forward.

"He's Mary's Little Lamb," Tommy told Professor Higgins, and Norbert said "No, I'm—" but Professor Higgins was already announcing him.

"Mary's Little Lamb!" shouted Professor Higgins and Tommy gave Norbert a push forward. Everyone applauded. Everyone screamed and laughed and clapped hands and shouted, for poor Norbert looked like an extra plump and especially woolly lamb. The poor boy's face blazed and he turned and spoke to Professor Higgins.

"My mistake!" shouted Professor Higgins. "The lamb is a bear!" and one of the boys cried out, "I'll say he is!" and everyone laughed. Everyone except Jo Ann laughed. Jo Ann, in a lovely fluffy costume, looked mad. Her eyes shone fiercely under the ribbon that encircled her brow.

"That's one of Tommy Bassick's smarty tricks," she exclaimed to Wicky. "Look at him grin! I'd know that grin anywhere no matter how many masks he covered the top of his face with. Poor Norbert! I'm sorry for him."

But when Norbert turned to speak to Professor Higgins,

the big red heart on his woolly back came into plain view of everyone in the gym, and the verse on the heart was easily read, and another shout went up. Poor Norbert turned, blushing and grinning sheepishly, not knowing what was wrong now, and Tommy Bassick stepped forward.

"The King of Beasts!" shouted Professor Higgins, and Tommy bowed with his long stuffed tail draped over his arm.

"The beast!" cried Jo Ann appropriately, but she was already half-way across the gym. She jerked the large red heart from Norbert's back as she flashed past him and kept on running, full-tilt, to where Tommy Bassick was standing.

Every girl in America should read what happened next, and take warning from it, and see what a horrid thing it is to be unladylike and tomboyish, and how naughty it is to be a disturbing element in a placid school. Jo Ann was so angry that she hardly knew what she was doing, and the sight of Tommy Bassick acted on her the same way that a red flag acts on a bull. Uttering a sound between a snarl of rage and a half-strangled whoop of triumph, she crushed the heart against his face with the flat of her hand. There was the full weight of her body back of the hand when it struck Tommy, and he caromed against Professor Higgins and went down flat on his back.

"Josephine Angelina!" cried Prexy Orvis, and Miss Vance shouted "Jo Ann! Stop that!" but Jo Ann was standing over Tommy Bassick, both her hands clinched into fists and her eyes blazing, more angry than she had ever been since their feud had begun when they were almost babies. She was looking for some place to hit him, but he had scrambled over onto his hands and knees, probably knowing that if he turned his face to Jo Ann it would get a hard fist in it, and he bolted out through the door that way, probably the most undignified lion the world had ever seen. And Miss Vance and Prexy Orvis and half the Winton School faculty gathered round Jo Ann to see that she did not follow.

In the room set aside for the dressing-room for boys from Spenceville Military, the victim of Jo Ann's rude and tomboyish treatment gave one look at himself in a mirror and proceeded to pull and twist his costume so that the back was once more in the back and the sides where they belonged. His fall had turned him into a rather battered lion, and the lion's head that should have masked the upper part of his face, was resting rakishly over one of Tommy's large ears. But a few minutes made him as good as new, and when the final touches had been added, Tommy felt that he was ready to face the world once more. He sauntered out, an anticipatory grin on his face, to see what was happening to Jo Ann meanwhile.

To his satisfaction, and to his relief, too—although he would never have admitted it—Jo Ann seemed to be safely a prisoner, with so many of the Winton faculty around her. She stood against the wall, her mask off now, and her coronet askew. But, helpless though she seemed, Tommy considered it the better part of

(Continued
on page 33)



"Any girl can make a monkey out of Tommy Bassick"



All the costumes on this page can be made for two dollars or less, and you will find that if several girls work together, it is much less expensive for each, as bright-colored bits from one costume will make trimming for another. Do not have lighted candles if any guest wears a paper costume. It is dangerous

Illustrations by
Hazel Halstead McCrae

Fancy Dress Costumes You Can Make

IF YOU want to be a peasant, copy the costume at the left. For the skirt, sew together three one-yard lengths of colored paper cambric and shir on an elastic. The apron, of three-quarters of a yard of black or white cambric, is trimmed with colored strips. The blouse is of two yards of cheesecloth, the kirtle of half a yard of black sateen, laced with ribbon. The cap is of white and colored cambric. The stockings are white cotton from the five and ten cent store. Cost, \$1.47.

The Indian maid's dress is made of one large or two small potato sacks or loosely woven monk's cloth; fringed at the bottom and embroidered in Indian designs in colored yarns. The wig is made on a stocking fitted to the head like a cap. Strands of black yarn are attached on each side of a middle part—indicated by an outline stitch in tan—and braided. Raveled rope may be used instead of yarn. The moccasins are of potato sacking. Cost, \$1.08.

Two of you may want to dress like the charming boy and girl at the right. The boy's suit is of colored paper cambric with a ruffled collar and white buttons for trimming. Two and three-quarter yards are needed for the trousers and two yards for the blouse, with half a yard of white cambric for the collar. Cost, \$.93.

The colonial costume takes three and a half yards of flowered material, a yard wide. A yard and a half makes the bodice with short kimono sleeves; the rest is cut in yard lengths, sewed together, hemmed and attached to the bodice, with the opening in front. Hat wire sewed around the overskirt below the waist holds it out over the hips. The underskirt is of two yards of cambric. The fichu and sleeve ruffles are cheesecloth. Get four yards of narrow black ribbon for bows. Cost, \$1.97.

The Spanish señorita's shawl is fifty-four inches square, made of twenty-seven inch paper cambric with flowers appliquéd in contrasting colors. The fringe is a yard and a half of cambric cut in strips and sewed around the shawl. The blouse is cheesecloth, and the skirt, colored cambric. White stockings, black shoes with red painted heels, a comb of cardboard, and a flower made of bright-colored scraps complete the costume. Cost \$1.54.

The girl's dress takes six yards of gingham for the two tiered skirt, with tarlatan ruffles. The cambric leggings to which nine inch overlapping ruffles of tarlatan are sewed, make the pantallettes, for which a yard of tarlatan and a yard of cambric are needed. If tarlatan is pressed it will look like chiffon. Cost, \$1.89.

The Valentine costume is of crêpe paper, over a white paper cambric slip. The red paper bodice is made on a cambric lining, the front filled in with white crêpe paper. The lacing is red or silver ribbon. The hoop skirt is held out with wire, from which hang ribbons with red paper hearts glued at the ends. The headdress is of cardboard covered with silver paper, with red hearts on the prongs at the back. Red shoes may be made by painting old ones with Duco. If you prefer a red and gold color scheme to the red and silver, it will be equally attractive. Cost, \$1.86.



When I Was a Girl

"Our Mrs. Edey"—for she is a vice-president of the Girl Scouts—tells how one girl grew up long before the beginnings of Girl Scouting

By BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY

I WAS born on June 25, 1872, at Bellport, Long Island, New York. I had two sisters: Mary, seven years older than I, and Martha, eighteen months her junior. We lived all the year round in this little village, making occasional trips to New York where we visited my Grandmother Ludlum, in her big house at 111 Fifth Avenue. The first thing I remember about myself is seeing my own reflection in a long mirror in Grandmother's room. I had short hair, neatly parted in the middle, a very stiff white piqué dress with a sash of dark blue and black plaid, long white ribbed stockings and black slippers with a strap. I can see that odd-looking little girl, staring back at me out of the mirror with large, solemn brown eyes. I don't know why the recollection is still so distinct.

Our house at Bellport was old and roomy, painted yellow with brown trim. It had a cupola on top, which was reached by a very shaky ladder from the attic. This was a glorious place to play house. I remember very little of our daily life at that time. We had two huge white oxen on the farm, named Mike and Josh, who were great pets, and I also remember Dash, the Chesapeake Bay retriever, who was always retrieving us out of the bay, when we went in swimming—which was most disconcerting and annoying.

When I was seven, we all went to Europe for two years, and those two years, spent for the most part at Stuttgart, Germany, were almost the pleasantest years of my youth. We sailed on the *Gallia*, then a new and well-equipped boat. It took us fourteen days to go from New York to Liverpool. I can remember the excitement of stopping two days at the Everett House, on Union Square, New York, before sailing. The first time we had any of us stayed at a hotel!

The details of the crossing are very vague in my mind. Nana was dreadfully seasick, and I wore most of my clothes hind-side before, because she was just like the "Nursey" in Kipling's poem, who "lay on the floor in a heap," and I was not used to dressing myself. I must have been a very helpless little girl.

In Stuttgart we lived at the Marquardt Hotel, and at first it seemed very strange not to hear any English spoken, but we soon picked up German and had our lessons every day, first in German and then in French, with Miss Zeizler,

or Mady, as we called her, our Swiss governess. My playmates were German children, and it was astonishing how soon I could play with them, speaking their own language.

Stuttgart in those days was where the king and queen of Wurtemberg had their winter palace. I was greatly excited at the prospect of seeing a king and shall never forget the bitter disappointment of meeting him one morning in the park when I was out with my father shortly after our arrival in Stuttgart. I was picking forget-me-nots, that grew wild in great profusion, when I saw a tall man coming toward me, followed by two beautiful brown poodles. I was amazed to see my father, who had been sitting on a bench, rise to his feet, take off his hat, and stand respectfully to one side as the man went by. On inquiring who it was and hearing it was the king, I cast myself upon the grass in floods of tears. Much to my father's embarrassment the king, hearing my sobs, came back to ask if I was hurt. I promptly told him I was crying because I thought kings wore crowns—all the ones in my books did. The king was much amused, and took me on his knee and assured me he had a beautiful crown and that if my father would bring me to see him, he would wear it for me. So we



This debonair French courtier is Mrs. Edey as she appeared in "The Fairy of the Fountain" when she was a young girl

parted good friends, and I saw him many times afterwards, but never, I regret to say, wearing the crown.

Later my father and mother were presented at court, which was very nice for them and for us, for then we could skate on the Royal Pond, which we did every afternoon. It was a very gay scene—there were so many officers. The Uhlans have the most gorgeous uniforms, dark blue with scarlet plastrons, and dark blue with yellow plastrons, and the king's own regiment wore light blue with black cords, all of which made a glorious spectacle. Twice a week the Royal Band played and that afternoon we danced, or rather, skated quadrilles, with the most intricate figures. We all became proficient skaters.

My two special friends were Carla Dutenhofer, whose father was a colonel of one of the regiments, and the little Countess Olga Wöllwart, whose father was Master of the Horse, and who lived in the old stone castle in the park.

Carla and I were rather plain children, but Olga was lovely—a veritable fairy with pale gold hair and blue eyes. She wore a purple velvet coat and cap, trimmed with

ermine, and drove in a landau drawn by two black horses with long tails. Her skates were always put on at home, and a great soldier, who rode on the box of the landau, used to carry her down to the ice. For years the height of my ambition was to have my skates put on at home and be carried to the pond by a soldier! Needless to say, I never reached that cherished goal.

On rainy days, Carla and I were invited to the castle to play with Olga. It was a fascinating place, very old, and built like two houses, the one part where the court gave parties and the other, the living quarters. One of the kings of Württemberg, long years ago, had a fancy to ride to the throne room, which was on the second floor. So, instead of stairs, he had a ramp built, wide enough to take twelve horses abreast, and they used to ride through the iron gates and up the ramp into the throne room at a gallop. One day Count Von Wöllwart showed us how easily it could be done. We were not allowed to ride up it, but we did use to slide down it on tin trays—and often without the trays, which was very bad for our “undies.”

The most thrilling thing of all, however, was when the Count would take us up in the old clock tower and show us the silver bell. The legend was that years and years ago a little princess had been lost in the woods, and her father had the silver bell cast and hung in the belfry, and ever since, the bell has rung every night for five minutes, just at twelve o'clock, so that, in case anyone should be lost, they would know which way to turn to find the way home. Many a night, when I heard that bell, I have snuggled down in my bed and pulled the clothes over my head, and shivered and shaken, to think of the poor little princess who never was to be found again.

It was this same king who started the custom of having the four trumpeters play from the parapet of the clock tower. They would come out of a little low door, just before twelve o'clock and, standing first at one corner and then at the other, they would play four long chords. It was a perfect joy to hear them and I never tired of it all the time we were in Stuttgart.

We came home the summer that I was ten, and two years later the McLeans moved from the West to Bellport, to live right across the street from our house. They were a large family, and the youngest daughter, Henriette—or Hen, as she was always called—was just my age. Her coming made all the difference in my life; we became fast friends and have remained so ever since. About that time my cousin, Mrs. George Lyman, came to live with her mother-in-law, and her four sons added much to our group.

Marshall McLean was the eldest, and naturally became the leader of the gang. (Incidentally his daughter, Sarah, is a Girl Scout, now at Vassar.) Hen and I were regular tomboys always in hot water for some escapade, and we were frequently punished by being kept apart for a week—which was the very worst thing that could possibly happen to us.

Marshall had a small sail boat, which we christened the *Walloping Window Blind* after the boat in the *Bab Ballads*. We each took a character from the ballads and, as the characters and the verses about them gave out, we invented new ones to fit our needs. So the poem grew and grew to suit us.

Every morning at nine-thirty, the *Walloping Window Blind* would leave the dock, with her fine crew, for the beach—a three-mile sail across the Great South Bay to the ocean. Whichever member of the crew was detailed the important duty of casting off from the dock, was also given the pleasure of starting the song!

“Oh, a capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the *Walloping Window Blind*!”

Then we each would sing our own verse, and everyone would join vociferously in the chorus which went like this:

“So, blow ye winds, heigho, a roving
we will go,
We'll stay no more on Bellport's shore
So let the music play-i-a,
We're off on the morning train
Across the raging main,
We're off to our loves, with the boxing
gloves
Ten thousand miles away.”

Marshall was, of course, the captain “who sat in the commodore's hat.” Hen was the bo'swain's mate, and I was the one and only sailor! Nathalie McLean was the gunner and her sister Kitty, the cook. Frank Lyman was the mate, and George, his older brother, was the star-board watch, while Harry, who had a slight tendency to feel squeamish if it was rough, was the steward.

There was also a verse for a passenger in case we had a guest, altogether it took quite a time to sing the whole song. I have been trying, in vain, to remember my own verse, but I can't, and I'm sorry.

One summer we dramatized the song, and made a lovely comic opera out of it with pirates and mermaids and many nautical incidents. It proved to be a huge success and we coined money for a local charity. Private theatricals were immensely popular with us. We all sang and danced fairly well, and, I imagine, acted very badly! But we were full of ingenuity; as we never had much money to spend on costumes, we had to make them out of

(Continued on page 39)



Three playmates—Carla (left), Olga (center) and Mrs. Edey (bottom)



Olga, like a fairy princess, lived in the ancient Castle of the Silver Bell



The Magic Box

There was a mystery about the new young man at Mrs. Greene's—a mystery with a strange and thrilling solution

By RUBY LORRAINE RADFORD

*Illustrations
by Perry Barlow*

PATSY BOYD climbed the wind-swept bluff. Already her starched calico, with the fitted bodice of the period and the full skirt, had lost some of its stiffness, and the boat for Savannah Town was not in sight. It would be cooler waiting here than down at the landing. She turned her gaze expectantly up the muddy stream. There were still a few minutes to enjoy the view from this spot she so often thought of, but so seldom had time to visit.

She was breathless from her climb, tired of carrying the weight of her long skirt, shirred at its high waistline. Many times on the way up, she had wished she might take it off and run. But her unladylike thoughts were driven from her mind, when something moving on the flood plains below the bluff attracted her attention. It must be some stray animal endangering its life there. Through a tangle of vines overgrowing an oak, Patsy picked her way and peered over the precipitous side of the bluff to the marsh below. A gasp of horror escaped her. It was a man walking toward the treacherous quicksand. In that sand dozens of cows and hogs had been swallowed up before the rail fence had been erected at the gap. It had been known as a danger spot since the early days of the Georgia settlement. Certainly no one familiar with the neighborhood would go there.

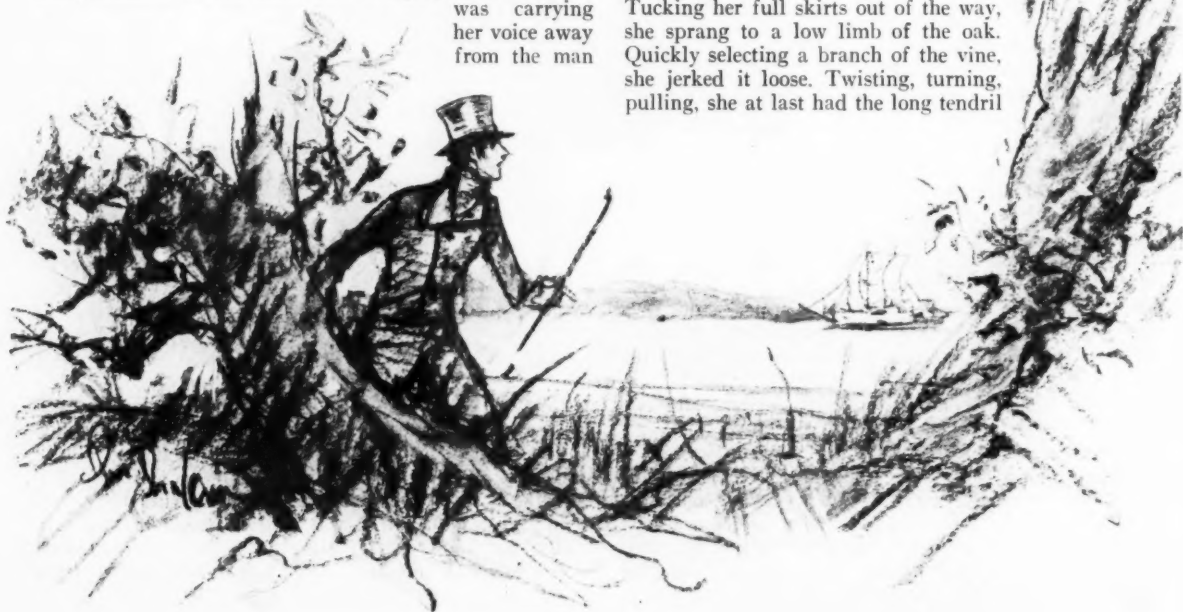
Patsy cupped her hands to her mouth and called down the gully, "Come back! Quicksand there—come back, I say!"

At that moment there came the mellow tones of the boat bells as the *Bonnie Lass* turned the bend in the river. Then Patsy realized that the same wind bringing the boat signal, was carrying her voice away from the man

in danger. For one tense moment she stood, her hands pressed tightly against her lips, her gaze now on the boat, now on the man. It was only the briefest struggle; Patsy could not go away and leave a human being in such danger, even for the long-anticipated trip to Savannah Town. Perhaps it was not so much for herself as for her mother and sisters that the girl hesitated even for that moment. Without the new calico dresses she had planned to buy, they could not go to the barbecue at Mulberry Grove.

There was no time for regret, however. The man was moving steadily toward the sand; she must save him somehow. But what could she do? She could not descend the sheer side of the bluff, and before she could run down the slope on the other side and go around to the marsh, he would have walked into the death trap. Patsy looked about frantically, feeling suddenly dizzy and very helpless. Then a relieving thought came; if he would only turn and look toward the river when the boat passed she might attract his attention. She worked her way through the tangled vines to the very edge of the bluff, watching eagerly. The boat neared the landing and passed on, its white sails stiff with the breeze. The man on the flood plain did not turn. Again Patsy called, but without result.

The wind waved a tendril of the scuppernong vine against her cheek and gave her an idea. She could save this heedless man—if her plan worked! Tucking her full skirts out of the way, she sprang to a low limb of the oak. Quickly selecting a branch of the vine, she jerked it loose. Twisting, turning, pulling, she at last had the long tendril





*Out, out she swung,
then down, down
through dizzy depths*

freed from its entanglements. She descended and saw the man still going toward the deadly sand. Could she save him even now?

Wrapping the pliable vine around her hand, Patsy paused a moment. Then taking a deep breath,

she sprang across the open space and leaped over the edge of the bluff. Out, out she swung, then down through dizzy depths. An involuntary scream escaped her as she plunged through some prickly bushes, growing out from the bluff. In a shower of leaves, twigs and dust she landed on the very edge of the marsh.

Still clinging to the end of the long vine, she pulled herself to her feet. Instead of one man there seemed to be two or three dancing over the sun-baked marsh, but she managed to call out, "Come back! Quicksand!" A half dozen heads seemed

turned to meet Patsy's unsteady gaze. Then everything became a blur. The vine tendril rebounded half way up the bluff, leaving a limp heap of humanity below.

Some one was fanning Patsy with the torn brim of her hat when she opened her eyes. "Oh, my best hat—torn!" were her first words. She always felt embarrassed, afterwards, when she remembered those words.

"Too bad," said a kind, deep voice above her, "and you ruined your dress, too."

"There was nothing else to do!" exclaimed the girl half-indignantly, suddenly sitting up. "I called and called, but you didn't hear! You were going straight into the quicksand. Didn't you *know* that was quicksand over there?"

"Is this where the cattle went down? How careless of me!"

"It certainly was," replied Patsy. She now looked straight at the man for the first time. Then it was her

turn to be surprised, for she recognized the young law student who was boarding with Mistress Greene at Mulberry Grove. He had recently come South and naturally would not know the dangers on the flood plains. Patsy's cheeks burned. How indignantly she had spoken to him, and he such an educated, smart young man!

"You—you saved my life," the man faltered, as though scarcely knowing how to express himself. "I can never thank you enough."

He stood up abruptly and gazed off toward the marsh. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man of powerful build. "Come," he said presently. "You musn't stay in this hot sun. My horse is back in the bushes. I'll take you home."

Patsy was very much shaken. She gratefully accepted the ride which passed almost in silence. As they entered the clearing, her mother was at the well, and put down her bucket to stare at them in wide-eyed amazement. From the chicken-yard Betty Jane came running with a pan of corn in her hands, and little Nancy trailed behind her.

"Whatever brought you back so soon like this?" Patsy's mother gasped in astonishment. Then, bethinking herself of her politeness, she turned with a slight curtsy to the stranger, asking, "What has happened to my child, sir?"

"Nothing serious, I hope," he replied, helping the girl down from the horse. Then quickly he recounted how she had saved him from the quicksand.

"And you did not go?" asked Betty Jane in consternation. "You didn't get the calico for our dresses?"

"Of course she didn't go, child," put in Mistress Boyd. "Don't be foolish. Get the dipper and give her a drink. She's pale as a ghost."

Suddenly little Nancy began to whimper, "And now we can't go to the bar'b'cue. I want my new dress! I want to go!"

Instantly the stranger saw that Patsy's rescue of him had not only kept her from her trip to Savannah, but was likely to deprive her mother and sisters of the pleasure of the annual feast at Mulberry Grove.

"I am riding down to Savannah tomorrow," he hastened to say, "and shall be only too glad to buy whatever you want."

"Oh, would you?" exclaimed Betty Jane eagerly. "Then we could still go to the barbecue. You—you see, Patsy was the only one who had a dress nice enough to wear—and—and now that's ruined—"

"Betty Jane, go feed the chickens," ordered the embarrassed Mistress Boyd.

Patsy and her mother were delighted to accept the young man's offer. When he had been given the money and minute directions, Mistress Boyd asked curiously, "Whatever were you going across that dangerous marsh for, young man?"

"I was looking for a plant with a strong, pliable fiber. It sometimes grows in marshy places."

Mistress Boyd was not without her share of feminine curiosity. She had heard strange tales about this young lawyer; how he had made many household conveniences for Mistress Greene, and could even make and repair

violins. "Whatever do you want with that?" she asked.

"To make the bristles of a strong brush," was the unsatisfactory reply.

"If I had the hearth broom my mother brought from the old country, you would be welcome to it," said Mistress Boyd, "but it is long since worn out."

Suddenly the young man's eyes sparkled, and his face lighted up.

"Mistress Greene has one. Thank you for the idea." He turned suddenly towards his horse, and a moment later was dashing off through the grove.

Next morning Patsy, still bruised and sore from her plunge over the cliff, was relieved of her more strenuous household duties. There could be no idle hands in the Boyd household, however. Patsy sat on the doorstep, a basket of seed cotton on one side and two small baskets for seed and lint on the other. This seeding filled all their spare hours, a slow and arduous task. Only enough of last year's cotton crop had been seeded to make homespun clothes for the seven members of the family. The rest her father hoped to sell to finish paying for a horse he had bought in the spring.

Patsy sighed and looked wearily into the basket of lint. Not a half pound seeded yet, and she had worked all morning. Her father would accuse her of idling. She heard some one coming and began working feverishly. It was not her stern father, however, but the post rider on his monthly round of deliveries. He left a letter and two papers and stopped long enough for a cool drink of water and a few minutes' gossip.

When her father came in from the field at noon, Patsy handed him the letter. He was a stolid, unemotional man and Patsy was surprised to see his agitation over what he read.

"What is it?" asked his wife, who had watched him while she put dinner on the table.

"It's from Fairmont. He's coming to the barbecue at Mulberry Grove—is going to visit there a few days. He is asking me to pay him the rest for the horse while he's in this part of the country."

"And no money in the house!" exclaimed Mistress Boyd, putting down a platter of pork with a thud.

"We must find a way to get it!" returned Mr. Boyd. He rose and strode across the floor, pausing in the doorway near Patsy. "With only Benjamin and Charles to help in the fields, I can't make my crop without a horse."

"If we had only known, we could have saved the money we sent to Savannah for the dresses," said Mistress Boyd.

"Too late now. But get the money we must if we have to sell the best pewter we own."

"My mother's precious pewter!" gasped Mistress Boyd. Mr. Boyd's gaze had come to rest on Patsy's hands nervously seeding cotton. Suddenly he wheeled round to his wife. "There's one way out," he said. "Sell the cotton. It will mean working day and night the rest of the week, but I believe we can seed it if we all work hard together."

Patsy grew limp at the thought. It meant hours of monotonous toil. Quickly vanishing were her dreams of making the new calico dresses and the delights of the barbecue. In a daze she heard her mother say, "That seems the only way. We will hurry with dinner and begin work." Thus the decision was made; but from the five children not a voice was raised in protest, and never a word of disappointment was expressed at the prospect of missing the barbecue. They realized all too well what it would mean to them all if their father lost his horse.

After dinner the whole family gathered around the mound of cotton that had been heaped in a corner of the barn all winter. The task seemed as impossible of accomplishment by the end of the week as digging away the river bluff with a teaspoon. At twilight there was just one pound of lint cotton in Patsy's basket and she had worked steadily since breakfast. She was unusually tired, or she would have realized the futility of the rebellious tears which welled in her eyes as she left the barn.

Going wearily towards the house she saw a horseman riding through the grove. It proved to be their friend, returning with the calico. He stopped at the well to water his horse.

"A friend selected the goods," said the young man when he handed the bundle to Patsy. "I'm sure your dresses will be the prettiest at the barbecue."

"We can't go," Patsy said, her throat suddenly aching with tears.

"Can't go!" echoed the young man. "Why I thought the dresses were for the barbecue."

Suddenly Patsy found herself telling her whole tragic story to this kind listener. With brief words of encouragement and sympathy, he drew from her every detail of the complication that had arisen to keep the family from the barbecue.

"Don't be discouraged," he said kindly. "I hope something can be done about it. I believe something can be done."

"But there's nothing can be done but hard work," stated Patsy. She did not want him to think she had told all this, expecting help. "Father is very proud, you know. He would never borrow money."

"Perhaps there are other ways, Miss Patsy," said the young man.

"There can be no way but by hard work," the girl insisted.

"There may be—you never know," said her friend cheerfully. "I must be going now. I am making something I am

eager to finish, and I want to get back to it right away."

His cheerful words flitted through Patsy's mind the next day while her fingers worked through the fluffy white cotton. As the hours dragged by, the completion of their task did not seem much nearer. How many, many pounds would be needed to bring the necessary money! And a pound represented a whole day's work for the fastest pair of hands. Patsy looked at the cotton and was discouraged.

(Continued on page 46)



"Turn the handle and see what happens," he said



I got to the door just in time to see Penny and Dick sailing in to supper

And then Tommy Allbright came along with, "Hello, shall we eat together?"

"I Am a Girl Who— *is a twin. Anybody ought to know that means real calamity but most people say, 'What delicious fun you must have!' Delicious!*"

HOW WOULD you like to have a double always somewhere around you? A girl who looked and dressed like you and whom people took for you? Sounds terrible, doesn't it? Well, it is. I know, because I am a twin.

Penelope and I have been as alike as two cherries since we were born—identical twins, I think we're called. No one except Mother could tell us apart until we were three years old. Even our nurse had difficulty in remembering which of us it was that she had just fed bread and milk. Later on, Penny's face grew a little longer and thinner than mine, and that made things a bit easier for the family—and for us. But even then, we were often taken for one another.

I remember one time when we were six and went to visit Grandmother, I was kept in bed a whole day and fed spoonfuls of horrid medicine because Penny had coughed during the night. Grandmother heard her and brought her a glass of water, and of course, she was sure she would remember in the morning which twin had been croupy. But she didn't after all, for when she came into our room Penny was already up and I had rolled over to her side of the big four-poster bed. So I was picked out as the sick one.

In school, teachers were always asking me "Penny, where is Daphne today?" or telling Penny that she simply must hand in her history notebook, when it was *I* who had put off doing mine until the last minute. Since we had started school together and have about the same brain power, we were always in the same classes and, beg as we would—and did—Mother would not send us to different schools.

She wouldn't let us dress differently, either. Mother is a conservative, like the people in history, and she believed in the divine right of twins. Her cousins, who were twins, poor things, had dressed alike until they were married. All the twins she had ever heard of had dressed alike. So we must. And that was that. It got so bad that one of us would take her white silk dancing socks to school and put them on

Illustration by Harriet Moncure

in the locker room, so that our feet, at least, would be different. But no one seemed to notice—except

Mother, who wondered why our best socks wore out.

Our hair was bobbed the same way, too—chopped off straight across the forehead and cut short around the ears—so there wasn't much chance for us to vary our looks there. I did try to train mine to part in the middle, but Mother found out I was wearing a damp band of ribbon to bed every night, and put a stop to *that*.

One of the most maddening things that happened, because we looked and dressed alike, was at a New Year's Eve dance that Eve Marshall gave. It was to be a thrilling party and Penny and I were on a cloud of bliss at getting invitations. Eve, you see, is older than we are and her brother, Ted, is in his sophomore year at Yale and he was bringing home some of his friends for the vacation and they were going to be at the dance. Mother bought us perfectly gorgeous dresses and even the fact that they were just alike didn't seem to matter so much, we were so excited.

Well, New Year's Eve came at last, and Father drove us up to the Marshall's door. The house was brightly lighted and the most heavenly music came floating out into the hall when we went in. The orchestra was brought from town and it sounded so wonderful, after the one we've been having all year at our school dances, that I was tapping my feet all the way upstairs and in the dressing-room while I took off my wrap.

When we went downstairs again, Penny and I got separated—we always try to at parties, anyway, so people won't notice we're dressed alike—and Ted Marshall trotted up the handsomest man I ever saw and introduced us. As we danced the first dance together I realized how very young and unsophisticated most of the boys are that I know—Tommy Allbright and Ned Hart and Billy Thomas. Compared to Dick Lee, they're just babies, nothing more.

The dance was thrilling, and Dick seemed to like me

(Continued on page 43)

By
D. W. JOSSELYN

"To Walk Like a

I HAD the privilege not long ago of watching Ruth Draper as she walked across a room. It was a large ballroom and the occasion was a reception in honor of a very prominent visitor from abroad. As this slender, graceful woman came down the room, a young girl standing near me said, "That must be one of the royal party."

"Why do you think that?" her escort asked.

"Because she walks like a princess," the girl answered.

I turned again to watch Miss Draper. It was true! There was a royal quality in the way she walked. Then I looked at the other girls and women present and I wondered why

easy and graceful. As you grow older, you will become less supple, unless you continue to exercise, so that the growing age is the easiest and best time to learn the back bend and to develop evenly all the muscles that hold the body erect.

But you will need to practice it, and you will need to begin with less strenuous exercises until your muscles become stronger. It is not so easy, either. But if it were easy it would not be so beneficial. A stroll around the block is much easier than a brisk hike into the country, or a game of tennis, but it doesn't do nearly so much good. And in posture exercises the same is true. You must do fairly vigorous things.

You will find it great fun if a group of girls do it at the same time. Of course, the first thing in the morning is a very good time, and if you have a sister who will do them with you then, that is fun, too. But if you haven't, why not organize a private athletic club of your own that will meet afternoons after school and practice these exercises together. Your gym teacher—if you have a gym teacher—will be glad to help, and you can have an acrobatic act for the next school or Girl Scout play you give.



Number One. Lie flat upon the back, place the hands upon the floor by the hips with palms down, keep the knees straight and raise the legs. Practice every day until you are able to touch the floor with the toes back of the head

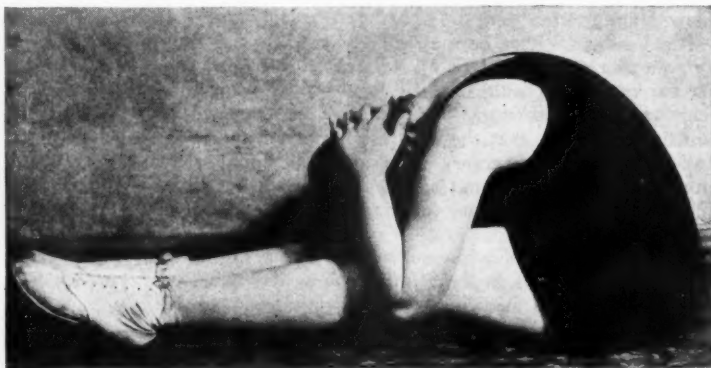
so few girls have learned the secret of grace, when it makes so much difference in their good looks.

Perhaps you will discover for yourself what that secret is if you will think over the girls you know who are graceful and those who are not. Almost every girl you know who walks badly is round-shouldered. And almost every round-shouldered girl you know has a skinny neck and arms!

Of course, the reason for round shoulders is simple enough. So many things we do bend the upper part of the body forward. On this account the muscles of the back become stretched while those on the front of the body shorten. It is impossible to avoid frequent bending forward, so the proper way to develop good carriage is to bend backward in some exercise that will develop the muscles which hold the body in proper position and stretch those which pull it out of position, and so even up our muscular development.

One of the simplest ways of doing this is what is known as the back bend. You can probably lean over easily, keeping the knees straight, and touch the floor. In case you cannot, by all means practice until you can—and then do it ten times every day. But I wonder how many of you can lean backward and touch the floor with your hands behind.

You have probably seen dancers do that, for it is one of the first things they learn, and it is one of the reasons for their beautiful figures and suppleness. You could probably have done it easily enough if you had tried when you were six years old, and you will still need to know how to do it, and to practice it every day, if your carriage is to be



Number Two. Lie flat upon the back, clasp the hands behind the head and sit up and bend forward; with practice you can make the elbows touch the floor on either side of the knees

You will want to be able to do the first four exercises before you begin to try the fifth one.

Exercise Number One

Lie flat upon the back, place the hands upon the floor by the hips with palms down, keep the knees straight and raise the legs. At first you may not be able to raise the legs much past the vertical position but in time you should be able to touch the floor with the toes back of the head. Repeat this exercise ten times at first and increase to twenty within a few weeks.

This exercise is very effective for strengthening the muscles of the lower abdomen, and this must be done before you can accomplish the backbend. It also gives an excellent massage to the organs of the abdomen. Internal

Princess''

fitness is as important as external fitness and very few games properly exercise the abdomen. When the toes touch the floor back of the head the spine is effectively limbered, especially the upper spine which is difficult to reach in standing exercise. In fact, all exercises taken while lying down have a particular value in correcting the faults of too much standing and sitting, and we all need them.

Exercise Number Two

Lie flat upon the back, extend the arms beyond the head upon the floor, bring the arms forward toward the feet and rise to a sitting position with fingers touching the toes. When this becomes easy clasp the hands behind the head and sit up and bend forward until the elbows touch the floor on either side of the knees. Repeat this ten times at first and increase to twenty as soon as possible. It is a good exercise for obtaining a slender and graceful waistline.

Exercise Number Three

Kneel on the floor, place the hands upon the hips, throw the head back, arch the spine and bend backward. Do not allow the hips to sit upon the heels in this exercise but keep the hips and body arched throughout. As soon as it becomes possible bend back far enough for the head to touch the floor. Repeat five times at first



Number Three. Kneel on the floor, place the hands upon the hips, throw the head back, arch the spine and bend backward as far as you can



Number Five. The backbend—this is what you will finally be able to accomplish if you faithfully practice all the preliminary exercises every day to gain perfection



Number Four. Lie on the back, draw the feet up until the heels touch the thighs, place the palms on the floor on either side of the head, tilt the head back and raise the back and hips

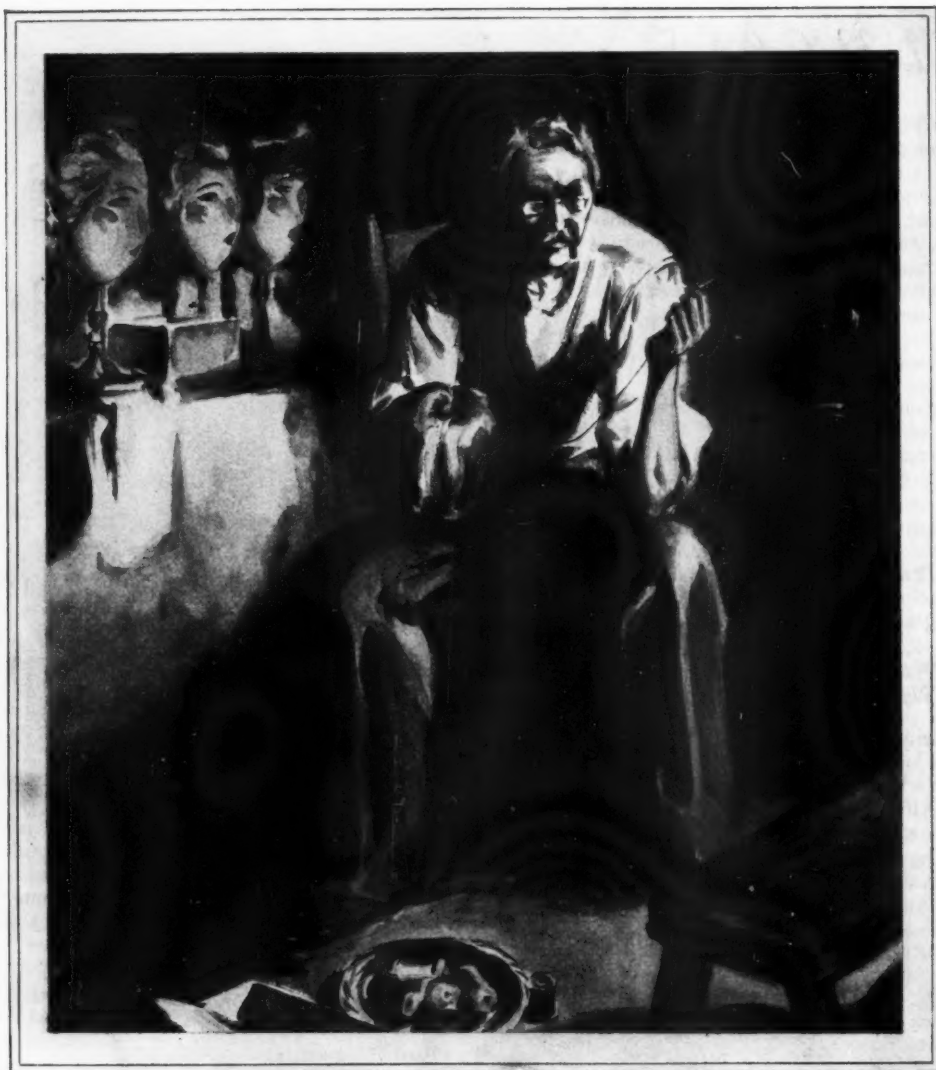
and increase to ten. This is a much more strenuous exercise than the first two and will further strengthen the abdominal muscles and develop a graceful waist. It will also strengthen the muscles of the thighs and ankles, limber the spine and straighten out the shoulders preparatory to the backbend.

Exercise Number Four

Lie on the back, draw the feet up until the heels touch the thighs, place the palms of the hands on the floor on either side of the head and about four inches from it with the fingers pointing toward the shoulders, tilt the head back so that as nearly as possible the top of the head is resting upon the floor, then raise the back and hips as high as possible from the floor and forming an arch from the toes to the head. Begin with ten and increase to twenty repetitions. As soon as this is easy begin to push with the arms when in the arch so that the head is raised from the floor, making a still higher arch and bending the spine more. In time you should be able completely to straighten your arms.

This exercise is the best of all for limbering the spine. The use of the head in going to the arch will develop a rounded neck, and prevent thinness and hollows around the collar bones. The use of the arms in pushing up from the head will throw the shoulders back forcibly, correcting any tendency they have to become rounded, and developing muscles over the points of the shoulders that often become too angular for beauty when they are neglected. The arms will develop and become more rounded, and a flat or hollow

(Continued on page 38)



"Then you don't like wig-making, my little Jeanne?" There was a queer anxious note in old Papa Delplace's voice

Chestnut Court

By MABEL L. TYRRELL

Illustrations by Harvé Stein

*For what has happened so far in
this story see page thirty-eight*

SERENA sat down rather heavily on the window seat. "How do you know he is the same person?" she asked.

"Because his picture is here," cried Pierre. "Look at it."

He sat on the window seat and showed Serena the paper in which was a rather misty photograph, and Jeanne, with her arm round his shoulders, read sentences aloud in an awed voice.

"That's certainly like the Mr. Porter I saw," murmured Serena. "But what did he want prowling in our yard? After all he didn't take the Duchess' ring. And Pierre—you know you said you couldn't see his face properly and wouldn't be able to recognise him again."

Pierre grinned in a very superior and delighted manner.

"Quite right," he replied. "I daresay I shouldn't have

known him if he'd been without a hat, but, once seen, could that coat collar ever be forgotten? He was wearing those clothes when I saw him in the court."

The collar in question was large, and fastened at the throat

with what appeared to be a metal hook and eye; it had never been made by a French tailor, nor did it look as if it hailed from England, therefore they came to the conclusion that it must be American.

"It's what they call a steamer coat," murmured Serena. "That's why it's so long—to keep them warm on board. What are you going to do now, Pierre?"

"Fancy asking," he laughed. "Don't you see that the American Embassy is offering a reward for *any news* of him? I'm off at once. His coming here may be some clue

to his disappearance. And I want to furnish that clue."

Serena was standing quite still and appeared not to hear. Then she put her hand into the pocket of her green and yellow plaid frock, pulled it out again slowly, opened her pink fingers, and revealed the ring which she had taken from Mr. Porter's jewel box.

"The Duchess' ring," murmured Jeanne and Pierre, surprised.

"No, it isn't," said Serena. "It's Mr. Porter's and—and something so amazing has happened that I don't think you will believe me when I tell you."

Bit by bit she told the story of the last two days. "And this one is not real," she finished. "It is not worth anything but the weight of the gold it is set in. Oh, I've had an awful time! I believe you'd find the Duchess' ring engraved on my heart if you could only see it, like Queen Mary and Calais, you know."

Jeanne could say nothing, but Pierre took charge of the situation. "The affair has neither head nor tail," he said firmly. "Of course you must come with me, Serena, and I'll stand up for you. I won't let you get into trouble. You thought it was the Duchess' ring, and I should have done the same thing myself."

"We must tell the Duchess," said Jeanne. "She may have some suggestions to make. Let's go down."

They dashed across the crazy stones, and tapped on the Duchess' window which opened into the court. All around them was a fairy bower of green, for the chestnut tree filled the yard and, for the time being, its leaves were so pale and delicate that a mysterious light filtered through them, and made the court appear like a green sea.

"News!" cried Pierre. "We have news for you, Madame!"

Out ran old Delplace with a bunch of curls in his gnarled hand, Madame Dubois, on her way to the factory, turned back and, fearing that he might miss something, Monsieur de Villeroze scrambled into his ancient dressing gown and made his way downstairs. All Chestnut Court was agog.

The poor Duchess was very confused as she listened to the story. She stood at her open window with the lace cuffs of her plum-colored gown turned back from her slender wrists. "I find it difficult to understand," murmured the Duchess. "Let me see the second ring, my child."

It was passed to her, and she looked at it incredulously. Then Monsieur de Villeroze took charge of the situation, and demanded silence.

"There is but one thing to do," he said, "and that is to go to the American Embassy. Madame Girard must come too, because it is likely that the Americans will have something to ask her, and I must accompany you for I do not think it advisable for two children and a lady to go alone on such an errand. But you must wait till I've dressed, and trimmed my beard. *Mon Dieu*, the amazing things that happen to those who live in the shadow of the chestnut tree! I wonder if the millionaire is a patron of the arts?"

"There isn't any millionaire for the moment," said Serena. "It's all very queer. That American's a mystery."

It was a strange little procession that passed under the chestnut tree half an hour later. Jeanne had insisted on Pierre wearing his Sunday best, a clean collar, and his *pelerine*, a thick woollen cape which reached to his knees and which she said he would need in case it rained. Serena

had sewed the button on her coat, and wore her gloves; she looked very smart and alert, and wished it were all over instead of just beginning. The Duchess wore a rain-cloak over her plum-colored gown, a black hat perched on the top of her white hair, and a black lace veil floating around it. The hat was adorned with an upstanding feather which added to the Duchess' unusual height, and she walked like a queen. Monsieur de Villeroze in his shabby green-black suit and huge black felt hat tripped beside her, gesticulating wildly, and trying to make her understand why she was to go to the American Embassy.

As the Duchess had her ring on her finger, she saw no reason why she should be involved in the disappearance of an unknown young man. Unless, of course—but the Duchess pulled herself up sharply, and would not allow her thoughts to go wandering after ridiculous theories which were quite impossible. The age of fairy stories was over, even for the lucky people who were privileged to live in Chestnut Court. Picking up her skirt, the Duchess smiled up into the green haze of the chestnut tree, and suddenly remembered Coco. They said it was impossible to take him to the American Embassy, and it ended by Jeanne offering to look after him in the workshop.

"It is ten times harder to work when you are not interested in what you are doing," thought Jeanne as she twisted brown hair into thread-like wire, making what is called in the wig profession, a switch.

Her thoughts were at the American Embassy, and she found it difficult to concentrate on anything else. Then Coco was such a bother, too. He walked up and down the long table looking in horror at the old, discolored block-heads with their amazing coiffures, and when he became accustomed to them, and had ascertained that they were not likely to bite him, he evidently thought he might obtain a little enjoyment by attacking them. All the blocks wore sample wigs years and years old, displaying to the world what old Delplace was capable of doing, but the new wigs, the curls, the switches, and the tresses from the heads of maidens who lived in many different climes were carefully stored in rather battered tin boxes which were pulled out from a rough and ready construction of wooden shelves, built along one side of the wall.

Old Delplace did not spend much on appearances! He had more work to do than he could cope with, and being in the enviable position of turning from his paintless door great French hair-dressers, film producers of several nations, and theatrical managers, he continued his work in the out-house with its chipped and battered stove, its stone floors, and its innumerable little boxes and what-nots in which he kept his paraphernalia.

Coco was tugging at the Marie Antoinette headpiece and seriously disarranging its pyramid of curls;

it was some time before Jeanne could extricate him from the soft hair which had once been white but was now a uniform grey. Indeed, with Coco worrying her on one side, and Serena on the other, Jeanne's switch did not make much progress. Often it fell neglected into her lap and, with her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, she wondered what the American Embassy was saying to

A New Serial

By
?

It is the best story for girls written this year. It is a prize story, in fact, selected from the hundreds that have been submitted in *The American Girl-Harper Girls' Book Contest* by authors who know just how to write the things girls love to read.

What is it about? Who wrote it? That will be announced soon by the contest judges. And the story is

Coming in April

Serena. *Mon Dieu*, there was Papa Delplace coming across the court, and most likely he would rate her soundly for not getting on with her work.

Jeanne's head was bent and her whole attitude most industrious as old Delplace entered the workshop. "Let me see what you've done," he said severely.

"I've been rather worried thinking of Serena and the others," she murmured. "I'll stay later and make up for it."

"Well, you don't expect me to pay you for nothing, do you?" he asked.

"No, I don't," replied Jeanne.

The old man grunted and, sitting down near the table, watched Jeanne over the top of his spectacles. "D'you like to?" he asked suddenly.

"M-yes,—much better than I thought, but not as much as dressmaking," answered Jeanne. "I'm not fond of wigs."

"Nevertheless you have the seeing eye," said old Delplace. "You know how it ought to look before you begin to make it, don't you?"

"Oh yes," laughed Jeanne. "I can see a dress, or a wig, or anything before I make it! I know exactly what I want it to look like. I can make wigs if I try, but I've got to get accustomed to handling hair instead of beautiful silk or velvet."

"There was a time when I hated the sight of a bundle of hair," said the old man suddenly. The switch dropped into Jeanne's lap, and she looked up eagerly.

"Then tell me why you became a wig-maker, Papa Delplace," she said. "What made you choose that trade?"

"Necessity," he replied. "And I have never regretted it. I was going to be a sailor, for I have always had a taste for foreign lands, yet I have never been out of France. My family was against the sea-faring life, so, at the age of ten, I ran away from home with my pack on my back and started to walk to Marseilles, hoping to find a ship. I was not only very young for my age, but of a most amazingly foolish disposition. The mayor of a little village sent me home on the second day, and I was beaten, and fed on bread and water.

"After that, nobody in the village would give me work because they said I should repay them by running away, so my father took me to a country town and apprenticed me to a barber who did not know my weakness for running away. Of course I had not been consulted in the matter but, having a little more sense in my head by now, I reflected and formed a plan. You see it was my duty to soap chins and clean up afterwards, and often the clients would give me a sou for my pains; I was not paid, but I had my food, a bed in the cellar and, for the first time in my life, I learnt something and found out a great secret. I found that there was magic in my fingers. They could bring into being any sort of object that my brain created. They were never still after that; they made endless things—ships, chairs—and, as hair was the substance they mostly came into contact with, they

twisted it up into little curls which the barber sold. I determined to stay with that barber for a year, save every sou that was given me, and then run away to sea."

"And did you run away again?" asked Jeanne.

"I did, at the age of fourteen," laughed old Delplace. "This time I could buy myself bread on the road. At last I came to the biggest town I had ever seen, and there were people fighting in the streets because there was some sort of riot going on. I was pushed through a hairdresser's window, and so angry was the hairdresser that he threatened to have me sent to prison unless I stayed and worked off the damage I had done. As there was no means of escape I stayed, and he taught me to make wigs, and there were times when I hated the sight of hair. But very soon I saw that it might bring me independence and, after that, I loved it. I took a pride in my achievements, I loved to see things growing under my hands; I did not forget the sea, but I knew it would not satisfy me completely. At the age of twenty I came to Paris, took an attic up there at the top of the chestnut tree, and set up for myself. The chestnut tree was young too, then, and I determined to buy it myself. So fearful was I that somebody would cut it down. Today I am a rich man, and for many years my old father and mother have lived in comfort."

"Yet you have never taken a beautiful shop with your name over the door," said Jeanne.

"What for, when I am perfectly happy here?" he asked.

"I could not walk about in a smart shop in straw slippers, but I must admit that I should like to see my name in gold letters on a somber and exclusive establishment. But what would be the good of all that to me when I have nobody to carry on when I am gone? You don't like wig-making, my little Jeanne, do you?"

There was such a queer, anxious note in old Delplace's voice that Jeanne could not reply.

"Yet it has a future," he continued. "My knowledge is great. In a few years I could transfer it to you. There are the films, for instance. These Americans are as clever as paint, but they

know little of period hairdressing, and there is not an epoch with which I am not familiar. The hours I spent poring over books in the National Library were not in vain and, if I would, I could make thousands and thousands of francs, my little Jeanne. But for whom? You are not interested, are you?"

There was a lump in Jeanne's throat, and she was obliged to swallow hard. The whole system of wig-making had suddenly changed as if struck by a magic wand, and a great and romantic future loomed before

(Continued
on page 35)



A man stepped from the archway into the sunlight. He was carrying Coco

How To Be Charming

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustration by Katharine Shane

SOME aspects of charm are a little hard to define and harder to acquire. You may be naturally shy. You may have no facility for sports or dancing or other tricks. You may lack the special quality that makes some girls magnets. But you can, every one of you, be well-groomed. And that is a very important characteristic for you to possess if you want people to think you charming.

A little care, a little skill, will do an enormous amount for your looks. Any hands may be made presentable if you'll manicure them. Any skin may be kept fresh and dainty if you'll cleanse and protect it properly and be willing to give it the proper background of health. Any hair may be brushed and massaged and shampooed and arranged into an asset.

The benefits of good grooming are both direct and indirect. It not only makes you better looking. It also makes you better feeling. Like good posture, it gives you the self-confidence and self-forgetfulness that is the true background of poise. There is no need to worry about well-groomed finger nails. No need to be self-conscious about a nice complexion. No need to be always fussing with smooth shiny hair. These are the physical assets that set your mind free to work on its more subtle accomplishments.

Would you like to have me tell you very simply what I think are fundamentals of good grooming for girls?

1. **Bodily Cleanliness.** A daily bath is desirable—sponge, tub or shower, as convenient. For cleanliness, warm soapy water is best. The warm bath taken at night is restful. If taken in the morning it should be followed by cooler water, to close the pores and leave the body invigorated. A deodorant powder is nice to use if you are troubled with unpleasant perspiration. If your body chaps, rub on a little olive oil.

2. **Your Feet.** Wear shoes and stockings that are long enough. Wash your stockings each day. Rub callouses with an emery board after the bath. Cut the nails straight across and use an orange stick.

3. **Your Hands.** Wash in warm soapy water, never under the tap. Rinse and dry thoroughly, pushing back the cuticle each time and using an orange stick for cleansing under the nails. Use a hand cream or lotion after drying to avoid roughness or chapping.

Once a week manicure your nails. For this you will need a flexible file, emery boards, curved scissors, orange wood stick, cotton, chamois buffer, cuticle cream or cold cream and polish. File the nails and soak the fingers in warm soapy water. Wrap the end of an orange stick in a bit of cotton, dip in cream and press back the skin around the nail until the half moon shows. A tiny stiff cuticle brush is useful at this point. With the nail scissors clip off the hang-nails and rough edges of the nails that are left by the filing.

If a polishing powder is used, put it on the buffer; but put polishing paste on the nail. Rub gently with the buffer. Dip hands again in the soap-suds to remove superfluous



Every girl can be well-groomed, and that is very important, indeed

polish. After drying thoroughly, rub nails on the palm of the hand to bring back the gloss. If you use a liquid polish it should be applied smoothly with a small brush. Rub an orange stick round the edges and remove polish from the white edges and the half moon. Let the nails dry thoroughly, then dip in cold water to harden the polish.

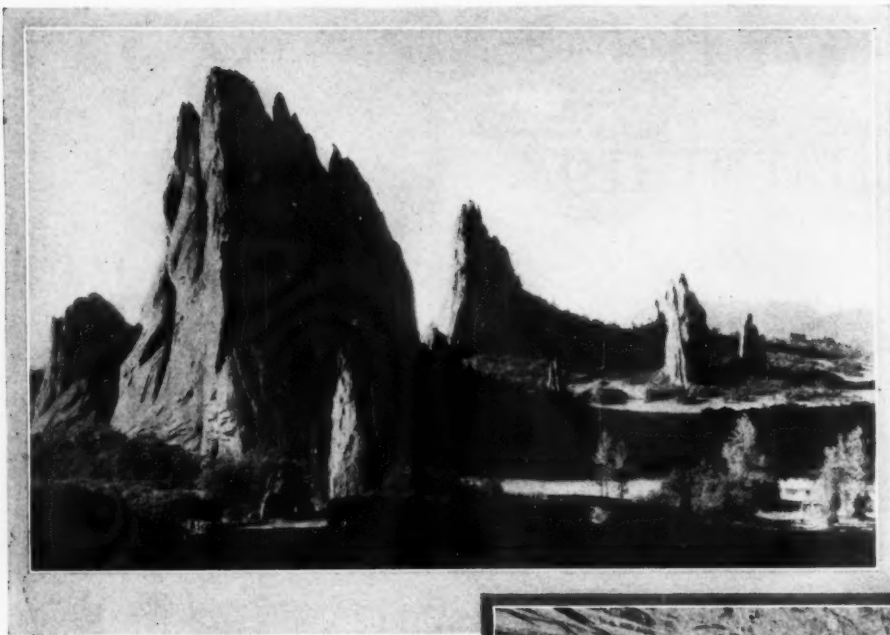
A high polish of vivid color and long pointed shapes are not good form. Nails should be filed to follow the shape of the ends of the fingers. Cuticle should not be cut nor the fingers dug at around the corners of the nails.

4. **Your Face.** If you have a normal skin, cleanse it at night with warm water and a pure plain bland soap. Rinse thoroughly to remove all soap. In the morning use lots of cold water. Before or after exposure to extreme cold or to wind or sun use a little cold cream or creamy lotion. If your face tends to smart or burn when exposed to the weather always use a little cream or lotion before going out or after coming in. There are skins that are sensitive to soap and these may be cleansed at night with cold cream or with almond meal and water.

Blackheads and pimples are usually due to inexperienced cleansing, to faults in diet or to some physical condition which a doctor should correct. Never pick at your face or try to press out pimples and blackheads roughly. It is apt to leave scars and to cause more serious trouble. The wisest course is to consult a doctor and get at the real cause of the condition.

Face powder is not used by younger girls, and is never used so that it shows. Its purpose is to protect the face, take away any shiny look and give the skin a well-groomed appearance. The color of the powder should tone well with

(Continued on page 44)



Old
Les
Young m

IT SEEMS to us a long time ago that the Indians sailed the rivers of this country, built tipis on the plains. But the Girl Scouts of Colorado Springs, in the historical pageant they presented before the National Girl Scout Convention in the beautiful "Garden of the Gods" made it seem very close to our own times. They showed the cliff-dwelling Indians, the first inhabitants of the state of Colorado. Under a sky of an almost unbelievable intense blue, the braves danced war-dances, their blankets vivid against the red rocks. And the Spanish Fathers, and the French, and Kit Carson and his band passed by, and the long procession of covered wagons threading their way westward in search of gold.

The final episode symbolized the forces that have built up the state—ranching, industries, education, the church, the law, social service, the arts. Then the Girl Scouts who made the pageant sang a song that echoed back from the age-old hills. And snow-capped Pike's Peak and the sun-flecked rocks that towered there before the time



America
Lks
g merica



of man, looked down as the generations shown in the pageant went swiftly by, just as they had looked down over a long span of years when the same history was being made.

Those years, those centuries, as we mortals measure time, were only a moment in the measureless aeons that the mountains know. And our present and our future tick by like seconds on a clock, while they look on imperturbable, secure. But to know they are there, a part forever of our country, brings us something of the emotion that Ford Madox Ford expresses in his poem on love of one's land:

"What is love of one's land?

Ah, we know very well

It is something that sleeps
for a year, for a day,

For a month; something that
keeps

Very hidden and quiet and
still,

And then takes

The quiet heart like a wave,

The quiet brain like a spell,

The quiet will

Like a tornado, and that
shakes

The whole being and soul...

Aye, the whole of the soul."



When Girl Scouts

You all like to hear about each other's parties, from one another, so here is some news telling of

Betty Bealer sent in a rhymed account of it that is so good that we are going to print it here instead of attempting to tell you about it ourselves.

'Twas a bleak winter's night
And the winds did bite,
All the crew was weary and worn,
When—"A light, a light!"
Cried the good ship mite,
"Lame Patsy is rounding the horn!"

Then rocket glared red
Which to pirates said,
"Come celebrate and sup
Much rum and gold
Lies in our hold
Our flag of truce is up."

One captive aboard
Besides the hoard,
And that is Bluffing Bealer.
We fought and bled
'Til Hatfield said,
"What say, lads, let's steal 'er?"

With liquors sipping
Candles dripping
The crews drank many a toast
'Til Bealer Bluff
Had had enough
And rose to make a boast.

"In spite of your trece
For Peg-leg Bruce
And scoundrels Piercy and Jones
Here in my boot
I've the best of your loot
I swear by skull and bones."

The nuggets gold
From pirates bold
I've hidden long from observation
I take great pleasure
In exposing this treasure
Three Letters of Commendation!"

With nary a fight
'Twas a merry night
Lasting till the sun's first ray;
So my tale is told
Of these pirates bold
Who finally sailed away.

"May the flag of white
A sign of truce
Ever your companion be
In all your ventures
O'er the earth—in air
Or on the sea.

You've bagged a prize
I'm sure of that
The treasure you will uphold
'Tis precious, far more precious,
yes,
Than bags of glittering gold.

May your Leader—"Ship"
Be laden full
With qualities rare and fine,
A capacity cargo
Of Service Deeds
Following you through time."

Some more pirates!

These are in Scranton, Pennsylvania

"Bloody daggers, pieces of eight, skulls and cross-bones, weird green lights and haunted passageways bespoke the presence of a murderous band of pirates in the Girl Scout Headquarters," runs Elizabeth Swartz's account of Scranton, Pennsylvania's pirate party. The occasion was the entertaining of the pioneer camp group by the Senior Girl Scout Troop. It was a pirate party in every detail. Walls were draped in black and the lights were shrouded in green. The gleam of a flickering fire caught the silver of many daggers, while from the

FEBRUARY is the month for parties. At least, in its twenty-eight days, there are more occasions that furnish reasons for having parties than in any of the other eleven months with their full quotas of thirty or thirty-one days. For in February come Lincoln's Birthday, St. Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday. Any of these holidays will lend itself to a costume party, and on another page of this issue you will find suggestions for various kinds of fancy dresses that you can make yourselves for very little money and that ought to win prizes wherever they go.

But we're going to talk about February parties here, because they are bound to be planned around one of the holidays and therefore are inclined to arrange themselves. We are going to tell you, and let Girl Scouts tell you, about unusual parties and entertainments they have had—the sort that fit in almost any time.

Yo-ho, Yo-ho!

It's a pirate's party at Kansas City

The first of these is a pirate party that Troops Thirty-one and Thirty-four, of Kansas City, gave not very long ago.



Every one a swash-buckling pirate, and they all attended the pirate party given by Troops Thirty-one and Thirty-four of Kansas City, Missouri

Have Their Parties

*even though you may live half a continent away
the good times Girl Scouts have had together*

dusky corners, the shades of pirates of the past leered out at the gay revelers.

"The entertainment was in accordance with the decorations," the description goes on. "The least worthy of the crew were forced to walk the plank over a tub full of billowing waves. A tug-of-war was engaged in by two opposing factions of the band. Two pirate chiefs told a gruesome tale of their adventures in bygone days, a treasure hunt filled the guests with suspense.

"When refreshments were served, an immense platter of bones and chicken feet was hoisted aloft for the orgies of the crew. Needless to say, gentler fare of cocoa, ice cream and cake followed."

The party seems to have been unique in every way. The costumes of the pirates were ingenious and, to relieve the monotony, some of the guests dressed as the pirates' captives. The invitations, in the form of a skull and crossbones, brought in original responses—pirate dolls, a black hand, a bottle with a note enclosed. Each person had to traverse a dim passageway on arriving at the party, and the journey caused all but the most emboldened to quail.

Birthday parties and fun

Give one for your troop

Of course, if your troop has a birthday, you need have no other excuse to warrant a party. Girl Scouts of Kansas City, Texas, celebrated one in October. They had a lovely ceremony, called "Bringing in the Birthday Cake," a Court of Awards, and a Juliette Low ceremony the same evening. Miss Helen Gorham, captain of the troop, writes:

"But the most beautiful part of our program was our Juliette Low ceremony. Since this month is her birthday too, we thought it would be appropriate for us to take this time to present our share to the Memorial Fund. We turned out the lights, and the girl who was hostess lighted a large candle and gave each girl a smaller one. One by one, the Scouts of my troop went forward and, dropping into a beautiful box prepared for the occasion, as many pennies as they were years old, they said softly as they lighted their candles, 'I light my candle from the light of her who gave us Girl Scouting.' Our contribution is made doubly valuable because

of the fact that each girl either earned her pennies or sacrificed and denied herself something. One blacked shoes to earn hers, one cleaned a yard, and one denied herself candy and cold drinks."

In Cardiff-by-the-Sea, California, a small village where nearly every girl is a Girl Scout, the troop had a first birthday celebration to which mothers and friends of the girls were invited. One mother baked a huge birthday cake that bore one tall candle, and several brought birthday gifts of money and candy to the troop. The troop exhibited its handicraft work and created so much interest that the mothers promised to help build a Girl Scout Little House for them.

Animals and freaks

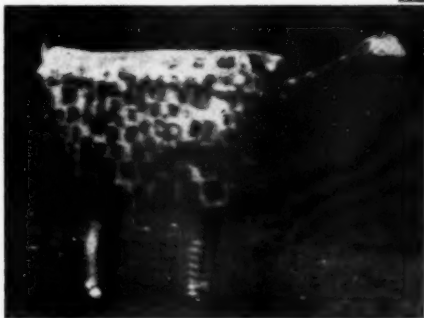
They appeared at the Sharon circus

Sharon, Pennsylvania, Girl Scouts haven't yet got over talking about their wonderful "Barn-Door, Baled-Hay Circus," and neither have the people who went. It was held indoors in a large club gymnasium and all the patrols vied with one another in displaying unusual acts and such individuals as the snake-charmer, the strong man and the fat



This graceful beast is "Jumbinette, the only Irish Elephant"

And here is the "Educated Gook", from the same circus in Sharon



lady. The animals—giraffes, ostriches, lions, elephants, bears, monkeys, cats and the gook-an, a strange beast never seen or heard of before by any man, woman or child—made a big hit. And the dancing horses and jumping-jacks entertained an appreciative audience.

A parade was an important part of the event, and handbills were distributed bally-hooing the equestrians and midgets—called "Sharon Sawed-offs," the "yumping yaks" and the "woeful woofusses",



and the "cajoling, cadaverous clowns." Every line of these handbills aroused the curiosity of the people who read them and assured a good attendance. And what good is a circus without a cheering public in the seats?

It was great fun planning and carrying through their circus, the Sharon Girl Scouts said, and not the least of the fun was the taking in of over a hundred and twenty-five dollars for their camp fund!

A monthly party

They have them in Montville

In Montville, Connecticut, the Girl Scouts have monthly entertainments at their troop meetings which are held at the schoolhouse. We will let Ruth Roselund, the scribe of Pine Cone Troop Number Six, give an account of one of them:

"We started off with 'Musical Chairs' and the prize for the girl who succeeded in getting the last chair was a tiny doll. Next came a sum contest, with a chocolate

drop for a reward—and it was won, strangely enough, by a girl who insisted that she had received 'unsatisfactory' in arithmetic.

"When it was quite time for refreshments, the girls had to hunt for the sandwiches, which were hidden in the room. The one who found the greatest number was given a sandwich before the rest got any, and she had to stand up in front of the whole party and eat it.

"After all the sandwiches and cookies had been eaten and all the lemonade had been drunk, a play was given. It was written by a member of the troop and was called 'Someone Who Helped.'

"Following the play, we sang songs and played games. One was 'Neighbors,' and it was so funny to see the blind-folded girls trying to guess the neighbors. We closed our delightful party

(Continued on page 40)



Schoolgirls Earn for Winter Fun

RUTH BEST thought she had never been so happy as on that morning when, on her way to school, Mr. Carpenter, the bank cashier, called her into his office to praise her for her Girls' Club savings account, and the girls at school gathered round to admire her Club pin.

How proud she was when she recounted to the girls all her Club profits. Why! she had \$10.50 in cash to spend just as she pleased! And in addition she had a \$1.00 bank account, a dandy fountain pen and pencil, stationery with her own name and address, and a snug leatherette coat.

Best of all she had earned it all herself, after school and on Saturday, and it had been such fun!

What girl wouldn't be proud? *Wouldn't you yourself?*

For doesn't every girl in the whole wide world like to feel grown-up and important?

And so I want to help you earn money for pretty clothes, for "treats," for school expenses, for Girl Scout equipment and good times.

And I want to help you win thrilling Club prizes: A brief case, a beautiful wrist watch, shoe skates, a snug wool sweater, and many other things. Just as I have helped Ruth Best and these happy girls:

Dear Manager: I certainly am glad I found out about the Club. With my first \$3.00 I bought material for a new school dress—just like one of my chum's dresses. MARY ELIZABETH L., Ohio.

Dear Manager: I am working and saving for the beautifully equipped suitcase which I may have in time for a Southern trip. Wouldn't that be grand? I'll never be able to make up for the fun I missed by not joining sooner. But I'll try! "BILLIE" HAAS.

Dear Manager: I am buying my Scout suit with my Club dollars. SUSAN A., New Jersey.

Dear Manager: I earned \$1.50 this evening after school. I am sure I can get a new winter coat and pay for it with my own money. SARAH H., Ill.

Come Join Us!

Why not sit right down and write me a little note saying: "*Dear Manager: Please tell me about the Girls' Club plan for earning in spare time.*" And tell me your age. It will cost you not a cent now or later and one of the things you'll like best is that you, too, can begin earning money and prizes *at once*. So write today to:

Manager of the Girls' Club
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
1069 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Crusoes Pro Tem

(Continued from page 9)

blueberries, was to explore the island, to see if she could find anything else. Lois, whose high heels were inappropriate for clambering over rocks, was to pick berries, and meantime, to keep a sharp lookout for boats. Emily and Jane would search the *Gypsy*, and Hilda the shack for anything edible.

Emily and Jane had more promising results than they expected. In the first place, the *Gypsy* yielded some fishing lines with which Jane was promptly set to work. Next Emily discovered a real treasure, the large jar of orange and lemon juice which was to have been diluted with water on Tinker's so that the difficult question of what they should drink was settled.

Leaving Jane to fish from the wharf, Emily went back to the beach, noticing, as she did so, that the tide was going out. As she walked along the sand, water spurted up here and there.

"Clams!" she cried, so excitedly that Lois came, almost running. "Stupid! Stupid! Why didn't I think of them?"

"Ugh!" said Lois. "I hate raw clams."

Emily made her way to the shack, hoping to find something that would do for a clam rake.

"Buried treasure!" Hilda hailed her, holding up a rusty skillet and a battered old coffee pot she had pulled out of a junk pile. "I had to throw off a million bottles that smelled of some kind of liquor and a couple of thousand baked bean cans—to get these."

"That's queer," mused Emily, "old Cap'n Binney was a teetotaler."

"Have you seen anything like a clam rake?" she added.

Hilda pawed over her pile and then cried, "Here's the ghost of one!"

It was, indeed, a ghost! It had a handle and it had a bare three prongs of its original quota, two of them bent.

"Did you find anything in the shack?" asked Emily.

"A couple of cracked cups and some half-burnt candles. You go look, too."

When, days afterward, Emily was thinking over this day, she wondered how differently things would have turned out, had she not stopped to investigate the shack for herself.

At first, in the dark little one-room building, she saw nothing but a rusty stove, a three-legged chair, some shelves and the articles Hilda had described. Passing some bunks, she reached up her hand to feel for anything lying on the top one, and pulled down a sweater—a gay, brilliantly patterned man's sweater, such as Cap'n Binney could by no possibility ever have worn. Feeling in the pockets as she went, Emily took the sweater out to show Hilda.

"What's that thing in your hand?" demanded Hilda, as Emily unrolled a crumpled piece of silk from one pocket. "It looks like the yacht club pennant the Porters fly."

Emily kept her voice casual as she replied, "Of course, lots of other people must belong to that yacht club."

"Of course," returned Hilda indiffer-

ently, "but you rarely see that flag this far north—and at this time of year."

As Emily started down to the shore with her clam rake and her puzzle, Hilda called, "I'll come and dig, too, pretty soon, if I can find anything like a rake in the Cap'n's boat-shed. There were a few stray tools there, but nothing else except a boat someone's painting."

Emily whirled about. "Wha-a-at?"

"Why so excited? I said a boat, not gasoline. There isn't a drop. I looked for that specially."

"Show me quick," ordered Emily.

The captain's boat-house, lying beyond the shack on the water's edge, was barely long enough to receive the boat which lay there, bottomside-up, and which had, as Hilda said, been painted so recently that it was still sticky. Emily, who had been brought up in boats, knew them inside or out, right side or wrong side up.

"It's the *Clipper*," she breathed to Hilda.

"You're crazy, Emily," said Hilda, scornfully. "The *Clipper's* tan. This boat is green. Besides, the *Clipper's* laid up in the Porter boat-house for the winter."

"No, it isn't. It's here. Look—"

Hilda looked. Under the hasty brush work, she could read dimly, "*Clipper*."

Then Emily explained, while Hilda's eyes grew bigger each moment.

It was easy to guess what had happened last night. Whoever had stolen the *Clipper* had not dared to take it in anywhere along the coast, where it was known as one of the swiftest and most beautiful motor-boats in the vicinity. Accordingly, the thief or thieves had brought her over to this island, where, even in summer, not one boat landed, perhaps, in a week. Now, in September, it would have been a perfect hiding-place, had they not stolen the *Gypsy's* gasoline, and shipwrecked her at this very spot. Having hastily painted the *Clipper*, the thieves had slipped away, probably before daylight, and left her to dry. When would they return?

"The sooner we leave, the better, I should say," remarked Hilda, judiciously. "We'd better try and signal a boat."

So Jane was released from fishing and installed on the highest point of the island by the lone pine with signal flags made from neckties tied to branches. And preparations for dinner went on apace.

"Let's look at the fire," said Emily. Lois flushed. "Er—er—" she began.

The girls looked at the three-foot pile of brush and logs she had gathered and asked how she expected to light that.

"The way the Indians do," Lois explained with spirit, illustrating by rubbing two sticks together as hard as she could.

Emily cast her severest look at Sylvia and Hilda, who tried desperately to control their faces.

It was not the most favorable moment to explain that the Indians did not "do it that way."

"It's a splendid pile of wood, anyway,

if we do get a fire," Emily commented. "Why don't we try flint and steel?" suggested Hilda. "I have my knife."

So while Emily dug clams, Hilda and Sylvia, neither of whom knew what flint looked like, went about testing stones to see which would strike a spark. They shredded the driest tips of beach grass and flakes of bark almost to powder to make a little pile, and had the veriest fragments of twigs ready in case a blaze should ever start. They struck sparks, it seemed to them, by the thousand, before one actually caught in the tinder, and with the gentlest of breaths, was fanned to a coal. After that, everything was easy, though it was five o'clock in the afternoon before the dinner was ready.

The table was a stretch of clean white sand, cleared of pebbles, and set with a bouquet of wintergreen leaves and berries, and a leaf basket of blueberries at each place. The fish and clams had been baked in seaweed on hot stones, and, oh, didn't they smell good as the seaweed was lifted!

"Can't you keep watch down here?" called Emily to Jane, still at her post.

"By and by," returned the placid Jane. "A boat is coming."

Again the girls flew to the wharf, ready to greet that boat when it should come in to rescue them, while Jane, at her post, wig-wagged valiantly. Oh, wonderful to relate, somebody from the other boat was wig-wagging back!

"It's the boys from Camp Anthony," cried Sylvia, jumping up and down. "But why don't they come for us?"

Why not, indeed? Was there a spell on this island that no one could come near it? Fainter and fainter came the camp yells over the water, smaller and smaller the waving dots of handkerchiefs as the boat sped swiftly on its course.

With one accord the girls rushed back to Jane, who was clambering down the slippery slope to meet them.

"What did they say, Jane? What did you say? Why didn't they rescue us when you asked them to?"

"Why, I didn't ask them. Did you expect me to? I thought it wasn't fair to ask them to come way in here when we were only pretending to need help. I wig-wagged 'Hello' and 'This is a fine day' and 'Goodbye.'"

Long, long since they had forgotten the joke they had intended to play on her. Sorrowfully they accepted Jane's dictum that "it served them right," when she heard that this was no game of shipwreck at all, but the real thing.

And while they ate, Emily told them all about the theft of the *Clipper*, and how she and Hilda had found it in a boat-shed. It was no longer a question of not worrying the girls; it was plainly their right to decide what to do.

"For," Emily stated their position tersely, "it's pretty certain we'll have to stay here all night. Our families all think we are camping on Tinker's. And it's equally certain that the men who stole the *Clipper* will come back here and get her—some time after dark."

"Couldn't we barricade ourselves in the shack?" asked Hilda.

"Yes," admitted Emily, "except that

(Continued on page 32)

Wash Wounds

with soap
and
water



JUST "WASH" YOUR WOUNDS

When an accident happens, the cut whether shallow or deep should be washed clean as quickly as possible. Put enough soap into boiling water to make the water sudsy. When the water cools sufficiently wash out the wound with a sterilized gauze-pad or cloth. Cover with sterilized gauze.

NO wound is so slight that it may not become infected and cause death.

If a wound which breaks the skin is not promptly and correctly treated, there may be immediate infection from germs that are found anywhere and everywhere—streptococcus, staphylococcus and saprophytes.

During the World War medical science discovered that by using pure soap and boiled water, fresh wounds, big and little, could be thoroughly cleansed, thereby reducing to a minimum the danger of infection. In other words, the germs were literally washed out of wounds.

Small wounds, immediately cleansed and properly covered with sterilized gauze will, as a rule, heal very promptly without further treatment. But if germs are covered over and bound into wounds, or are sealed in by drawing the skin together, infection is almost

certain and serious complications may result.

In applying soapy water to a new wound, it is best to use a pad of sterilized gauze. Any pure soap will do—liquid, soft or hard—but a liquid soap as free from alkali as may be obtained is best. Otherwise the wound may sting or smart.

Common sense must determine how long a fresh wound should be washed. But remember always, the washing must be thorough so that the soap bubbles may do their part and lift the germs away from the flesh. The water carries the germs away.

Warm water that has been sterilized by boiling is safest and the utmost care should be taken to keep the fingers from coming in contact with the surface of the wound. Wash big or little wounds with soap and water at once—as First Aid before the doctor comes.



According to the latest available United States Census figures, septicemia (blood poisoning) was the direct cause of 1,178 deaths in the year 1925; and a contributing cause in more than seven times as many deaths.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail to each family

one copy of its booklet, "First Aid in the Home". It tells how to sterilize cotton or linen cloth when sterilized gauze is not available and gives many other valuable First Aid directions. Ask for Booklet No. 29-X. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, President.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Be sure to renew your subscription in time

Winning new honors with Keds and don't forget LOOKS!

When you're striving for merit badges . . . doing things that call for speed and sure-footedness . . . wear Keds.

For Keds are more than ordinary "sneakers." Keds are real, extra fine, rubber-soled, canvas-topped shoes. They're firm-gripping shoes . . . built to give real support . . . their special "Feltex" insoles insulate your feet against heat and cold.

Spring hints in these Spring tints

Though spring is still a bit far off, gather around, girls, and hear this colorful news:

Keds have blossomed forth in blue, jade, crimson and sand, besides the black and white you are familiar with. Now, for spring and summer activities, your shoes, as well as your Windsor ties, may display your troop colors!

And variety!

There are 10 models to choose from, with prices ranging from \$1.00 to \$4.00. And, dollar for dollar, Keds yield a greater return from your investment than any other rubber-soled shoes!

The name "Keds" is stamped on every genuine Keds shoe. Look for Keds in the best shoe stores in town.



United States Rubber Company

Serviceable brown or white Keds, with attractive colored trims that harmonize with troop colors or gymnasium uniforms.



At \$1.00 \$1.25 \$1.50 \$1.75 and up to \$4.00. The more you pay, the more you get—But full value, whatever you spend.

Crusoes Pro Tem

(Continued from page 31)

it's so old, one man could push it over with a finger. Where would we be then?"

"The thing for us to do," said Jane firmly, "is to hide until those men have come and gone. Then we can camp in the shack until called for."

"Ray for Jane," cried Sylvia.

"We can hide us," puzzled Emily, "but how can we hide the *Gypsy*? The moment they land at the wharf, they'll see her and know we are here."

After much discussion, it was decided to move the *Gypsy* round the other side of the island, where, in the darkness, it might not be seen. By the time this was accomplished, it was eight o'clock and twilight was waning. It would be well to get settled in their hiding-place before dark. They had decided that the best position was in the high bushes at the opposite end of the island from the shack.

After what seemed a long, long time, Emily was aware that the half moon was growing brighter and that, therefore, the night must be darker. It made a pretty path across the water. Emily's heart gave a great leap. A dark object had cut across that path, making almost no sound.

Tensely waiting, Emily and Hilda watched it draw in to the wharf; heard, then, men's voices talking in normal, loud tones, as if unafraid that any one would overhear. Two, three, then four figures stood in a row on the wharf.

"Bring the lantern, Joe," called a voice Emily was sure she recognized as Sam Draper's, a young man of no good reputation in the village. "We'll take a look at the *Clipper* and see if she's dry."

"Aw, come on, let's have some poker first."

Joe's suggestion won, and by the light of the lantern, Emily could see the four figures enter the shack.

A half hour passed—the girls spoke in hushed whispers—sometimes a burst of laughter came from the shack—more often a quarrelsome rumble.

The water was so unusually quiet tonight that the motor-boat at the wharf hardly moved in the semi-moonlight.

"I wish we could steal their gas, the way they stole yours," sputtered Hilda.

"Girls!" whispered Emily on the instant. "I have an idea—maybe you'll think it's too risky. We can't steal their gas, but we can take their boat. I could run it."

Hardly had Emily suggested the plan than they were on their way. By now their eyes were so used to darkness that they could cross the rocks and beach safely. To reach the boat, however, they must travel the length of the wharf, half of which was illuminated by the light from the shack door. Quietly—quietly—they crept along. Emily was down now at the wheel, Hilda was fumbling with the knot by which the boat was secured, Jane and Sylvia were helping each other down into the boat, when Lois, the slowest, once more caught one of those wretched high heels in a hole and fell on the loose planks with a loud thud.

Instantly the shack door opened wide and light blazed down the wharf. Then

figures of men filled the doorway, shutting off some of the light. They stood, peering out, uncertain whether they had heard or imagined a sound, and trying to trace its direction. Then one man reached back for the lantern and raced for the wharf.

In the seconds while the men had stood deliberating, Jane and Sylvia had somehow managed to pull Lois down into the boat, Emily had succeeded in starting the engine, and Hilda was struggling frantically with the rope.

"Use your knife," called Emily fiercely.

Hilda pulled out her camp knife and hacked at the rope. It was nearly—nearly—nearly through.

A voice snarled in her ear, as the man with the lantern dropped it on the pier, and grasped the rope.

Quick as thought, Lois—Lois, of all people—seized the lantern and swung it down hard on the man's hand. He yelled with pain, and the rope gave. Under the throbbing engine the boat leaped ahead. The men were all now on the wharf. A shot rang along the water. Emily zig-zagged. Another shot—quite wide of its mark. Emily zig-zagged again.

"They're girls!" said a voice. And then they were out of range.

The ride home seemed to take but a minute, they were all so excited. They talked it all over, with "Wasn't it funny?"—"Wasn't it awful?"—"Didn't you think you would die, Emily?" Even Lois was included, for the girls, forgetting the past, praised her for her quick-wittedness in wielding the lantern. And the motor purred like a contented cat.

"Oh the lovely boat, the lovely boat!" chanted Emily, patting the wooden sides. Never had she had a chance to handle such an engine.

Little did Emily guess that just such a boat was going to be hers by and by, presented to her by the grateful Porters and the other cottagers for her share in the discovery and capture of the thieves.

"O Jane," said Emily, as they drew near their own familiar wharf, "haven't we had an adventure?"

"Why, yes," said Jane in exactly the placid voice with which she had set out that morning, "we have. I guess adventures must be the kind of things people don't enjoy while they're going on, but like to tell stories about afterwards."

Kathryn Smith's Order

Kathryn Smith wrote that she liked Robinson Crusoe stories better than any other kind. "Why not have a story," she asked, "about a group of Girl Scouts who go on a yachting party. A storm might come up and some disaster befall them. Perhaps they would be forced to drift to an unknown shore in a little raft at the mercy of the waves, and they would drift to a deserted island and be marooned there."

Kathryn is fifteen and lives in Minneapolis. She says she loves skiing best of all winter sports and swimming and tennis in the summer. She likes to write stories, too, and she is a Girl Scout who has camped at Camp Greenwood.

Jo Ann and the Lamb

(Continued from page 12)

valor to keep several feet between them, so he watched and listened from a distance.

"I am surprised! Jo Ann, I am surprised!" Miss Vance was saying, and probably she was. "You will go to your room at once! I have never, since I have been here, seen anything like this at a Valentine Hop."

"But did you see what he printed on that heart, Vancy—did you?" Wicky asked, faithful defender of her Jo Ann. "You wouldn't stand that, would you? If somebody said somebody was your little lamb, would you stand it? Before everybody?"

"Go to your room, Jo Ann," Miss Vance was saying firmly.

"But listen, Vancy," Wicky pleaded, since Jo Ann said nothing. "It is not fair. Jo Ann invited Norbert Lamb to dance with her—she wrote him weeks ago, and he accepted. What will they think at Spenceville if you let us invite folks to dance with us and then won't let us dance with them?"

Jo Ann said nothing. She stood waiting to learn what her punishment was to be and to accept it like a soldier. When she raised her eyes it was to look at Tommy leaning nonchalantly against a gymnasium horse in a far-away corner, and then to gaze dreamily at the gym ceiling, where the rope ladders and trapezes were hooked up to be out of the way for the dance.

"Don't you think, Miss Vance," said the elderly president in her mild voice, "that it would be as well to let any punishment wait until tomorrow?"

"Very well," agreed Miss Vance, who had charge of the girls in Jo Ann's house. "But I am ashamed of Jo Ann. And she had, at least, better go to her room and straighten herself a little."

"I'd like to," Jo Ann said. "Will you come with me, Wicky?"

In her room, Jo Ann gave scant attention to her disarray. She dabbed at her hair with a comb, snipped a torn bit of trimming from her dress with Wicky's nail scissors, and then dived over to the desk and seized a large piece of the white cardboard Wicky had been using for poster work in her art class.

"What in the world!" Wicky exclaimed in amazement, as Jo Ann began to letter something on the cardboard with red ink and one of Wicky's best camel's hair brushes.

"It's a revenge," Jo Ann explained. "You don't think I'm going to let him get away with just getting a little bit mussed and having a heart smashed on his face, do you? Look!" and she held up the sign she had made.

Wicky read it. "Jo Ann!" she cried, aghast. "You're not going to do anything more?"

"I am! I'm not going to let anyone do what he did to me. I'm going to teach him something. That terrible verse! I suppose Ted Spence wrote it—and I'll get him, too, some time—but Tommy had the idea. I know his ideas, all right. I've seen them before. I've got a

(Continued on page 34)



Learn from SALLY where good looks grow

SALLY MARKHAM stepped off the train into the waiting arms of Aunt Evelyn and Uncle Bob.

"Sally, dear! I hardly know you!" exclaimed Aunt Evelyn, holding her off for inspection.

"Best-looking girl that's come to town!" cried Uncle Bob. "Cheeks like roses. And your Aunt Evelyn told me you were delicate and *pale*! Good heavens, I'd like to see anyone look healthier! What kind of early morning dew have you been using, Sally? . . . I'm going to try some."

Sally laughed delightedly. "Well, I don't rub my face in the dew every morning, Uncle Bob. I found something even better—and easier, too!"

Sally had found not only the well known remedies—plenty of fresh air, exercise, rest and sleep, and good, wholesome food, but—an extra "good looks" secret—Instant Postum made with hot milk. This wholesome mealtime drink is areal "beautypotion." And it is delicious—a steaming, savory drink that you'll like from the

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You will find them in the International Issue

Jo Ann and the Lamb

(Continued from page 33)
wonderful plan. Listen." And Jo Ann talked long and earnestly at the faithful Wicky, whose look of doubt changed to one of calculating delight.

"I'd do it myself, Wicky," said Jo Ann as she finished outlining the campaign, "but he knows who I am—everybody does—and he hasn't seen you yet without your mask. It will be easy to make him think you're Irene, and he's so crazy about her that he'll do anything she asks. He's such an idiot!"

And so they parted.

When Jo Ann reached the gym, the orchestra was playing and the floor was filled with couples. A few of the girls were standing along the walls—timid "stags" who had not yet got up enough courage to ask the few remaining partnerless boys to dance—but Jo Ann did not join them. She stood watching until she saw Norbert Lamb swing by with Sally Sawyer—anyone would recognize Sally's blonde curls—then she tapped Sally on the arm and said "Excuse" and took Norbert away from her.

"This is the supper dance," said Norbert. "I looked for you."

"I was busy." Jo Ann smiled into the agate eyes, and the couple mingled with the other dancers.

"I always pay Tommy for what he does to me," said Jo Ann after a minute. And—she whispered darkly, "if he thinks he's going to get off this time—"

"What are you going to do?" asked Norbert with interest.

"Just wait," replied Jo Ann.

The signal came for unmasking, and after that the party trooped into a smaller room next to the gym for supper.

"Do you see Wicky anywhere, Norbert?" asked Jo Ann. "Or Tommy Bassick?"

Norbert looked around. "No," he said.

Jo Ann sighed contentedly. "Come," she said, "let's go in to supper."

Jo Ann had no sooner seated herself at supper than she rose again. "You won't mind talking to Sally and Dick for awhile, will you?" she asked Norbert. "I've got to go out and do something that ought to be done." And with that she left him.

In the meantime, out in a passageway which led from the gym to the locker rooms, Tommy Bassick was deep in conversation with a young lady.

"And," he was saying largely, "I'm pretty sure to make that team next year. I could have been on it this year but—well—I thought it would be a good idea not to begin too soon, you know."

"Oh!" murmured the masked lady. "I can't wait till the next hockey season begins. It will be wonderful to see you on the team. Are you a good acrobat, too. Can you swing on trapezes and—"

"Can I! Why, I'm the best trapeze performer in our form. Only the other day Hendy—that's Henderson, our gym instructor—told me so."

"I thought you would be," said the lady softly. "You look so—so strong."

"Say," said Tommy suddenly, *à propos* of nothing at all. "Say, I—I think you're beautiful, Irene—I mean—I—I think—"

The lady smiled. "Oh, Tommy, I'm so glad you think so. You know, Tommy, I'd love to see you do some trapeze stunts. I know you're terribly good!"

"Oh, well, I—I've given a little time to practicing," Tommy replied modestly.

"Won't you show me, Tommy? I just love people who can swing on trapezes—there's one in the gym. Let's go now."

Tommy was tempted. He really was rather good on the trapeze. "But before all those people?" he objected.

His companion peeped through the door. "They're gone," she reported. "They're at supper. Oh, please come."

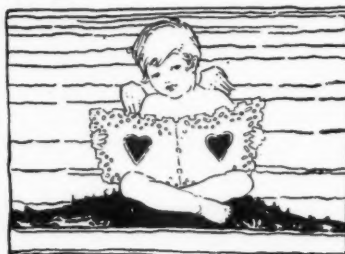
Tommy rose with the air of one humoring a woman's unreasonable whim. "All right," he said.

As they walked into the gym, Tommy was so absorbed in his partner that he did not see a white figure with a huge red heart headdress crouching behind the horse in the corner. He went over to the wall and unwound the ropes that held up the trapeze and the rope ladder. Then he steadied the ladder and began to climb. When he was half-way up he turned to his lady who stood, fascinated, at the bottom.

"Say, Irene," he said. "Take off your mask."

"I will, Tommy, when you get on the trapeze," said Irene in a choked voice.

Tommy looked down and grinned. "Scared, are you?" he said in a gratified tone. "I mean, about me climbing so high up here."



"N-no" was the reply. "Only excited. Oh, hurry, Tommy. Please hurry!"

Tommy Bassick swung up the remaining rungs, put out one hand and grasped the trapeze, hung perilously for a moment, then pulled himself up.

"What do you want me to do?" he called, and then went mute with amazement. For down below there were two white figures instead of one. A whirlwind from the corner was pushing the horse directly beneath the trapeze. And on the horse was a sign. Tommy couldn't see the words on it, but he had an idea they must be uncomplimentary to him, for the whirlwind was Jo Ann.

He reached for the ladder, but at that moment it swung away from him. He saw Irene manipulating the rope.

"Hi, there, Irene," he shouted. "Send that ladder back here. I want to get down. I—"

But he stopped short as the figure turned and pulled off her mask, for the face was not the face of the lovely Irene. It was Wicky's!

Tommy Bassick choked with rage. "You—you—there. You're going to get in trouble. Just wait. I'll show you!"

But the two below paid no attention to his tirade. They were hanging on each other's necks, shrieking with laughter.

"Look at him!" gurgled Jo Ann. "Just look at him, Wicky. Isn't he ridiculous!" And she pointed a derisive finger at the sputtering, scarlet Tommy.

"And he thinks I'm beautiful!" Wicky laughed merrily. "He said so!"

"I—I—did not!" said Tommy.

Jo Ann and Wicky doubled over with mirth. Tommy tried to look nonchalant and dignified sitting on a bar fifteen feet above the ground in a lion's suit.

"Say, you two'll be sorry if you don't get that ladder over here right away," he said sternly. "I know something and—"

He left the sentence unfinished, for he saw that Jo Ann and Wicky weren't listening. They were dancing up and down and waving their arms wildly at the crowd, coming from supper.

"Look at Tommy! Look at Tommy! Isn't he fu-n-n-y!" howled Jo Ann. And they all followed her pointing finger and looked. And when they had looked, they laughed. They guffawed. And Norbert Lamb, standing next to Jo Ann, laughed loudest of all.

"And look at this. Read it!" shrieked Wicky, pointing to the sign displayed on the horse below Tommy. And the mirth increased as they read.

"Tommy doesn't know what it says," remarked Jo Ann, when the first noise subsided. "Wicky and I laughed so that we couldn't read it to him."

"I'll tell him what it says," Norbert volunteered, and he proceeded to read: "Any girl can make a monkey out of Tommy Bassick."

Tommy squirmed, and his lion's tail lashed back and forth viciously. "You just wait," he cried. "I'll—I'll—"

But no one ever knew how Tommy was going to finish. For at that moment Miss Vance came in and took in the situation immediately.

"Let down the ladder, Ted." Then she turned to Jo Ann.

"This is the second time this evening you've been a disturbing element. I—"

But Tommy had reached the bottom of the ladder. With a whoop, Jo Ann swooped down upon him, grasping the lion's tail in her two strong little hands. Tommy pulled and Jo Ann held on. There was a sound of ripping and the tail gave way. The next moment Jo Ann was standing with it dangling in her hand.

"Pshaw!" she said, "I wanted the whole skin."

Jo Ann, of course, was suspended for a whole month, but as her ambition at that time was to be a trans-Atlantic mail-airplane pilot, she did not mind it much.

Her Aunt Eliza visited the Winton School some weeks after Jo Ann's return there, and as soon as she entered Jo Ann's room she exclaimed:

"Why, what a peculiar decoration."

"Yes," Jo Ann said. "This is our trophy room. That's a lion's tail, but not a very good one."

"You girls!" laughed Aunt Eliza, who had not heard of the Valentine Hop. "What will you think of next!"

A girl of new Japan looks at a girl of old Japan—

Chestnut Court

(Continued from page 24)

Jeanne's eyes. Wigs for the films! To bring back the past, and present it faithfully to the present. Would old Delplace really teach her?

"I want you to achieve what I have been too lazy to carry out," said the wig-maker. "I want you to help me as if you were my own granddaughter. I want you to work and earn for yourself the fame and honor that has slipped through my fingers because I didn't care. I will give you all my knowledge because you are so brave—I have watched you struggling these last months. As I said before, I am not a poor man. When you are sufficiently trained we will find the exclusive shop, and all I ask of you in return is that when you are no longer Jeanne Dubois, but Jeanne somebody-or-other-else, you will still leave the name of Alphonse Delplace on your bills, and over your establishment. I have had this idea in my head for several years, for I know you can do this thing."

"I can, I can!" cried Jeanne. "And I will! I will work hard, and you shall not be disappointed."

"And you no longer find the wig-making business quite so distasteful?" smiled old Delplace.

"I had not thought of it in the right way," she said. "I could not see any romance in it. Oh, am I clever enough to learn the coiffeurs of all the nations? How shall I begin? I can trust my hands to make anything, but have I the head and the brain to see?"

"It will come gradually," said old Delplace. "You must go to the museums and study the pictures, and one day a week you shall go and read at the National Library and make notes of the facts which strike you as useful. Look, I have all these letters from film producers—French, English, American—begging for information, and they are unanswered. I was losing interest, and money is no more use to me. But if I think that you are interested, and that you will carry on in my name when I am but a spirit somewhere outside the world, then I will go on."

"I am going to speak to your grandmother myself, and also to Monsieur Southcott because he is a man of education and may be able to advise us where you can go to learn English—these Americans are no good at French, my little Jeanne, therefore you must speak and write their language. I can do neither."

"I know quite a lot already—from Serena," nodded Jeanne. "No, but you are really a fairy godmother—godfather I should say!"

She took up the corners of her overall, and began dancing on the cracked pavement; she looked very like a red butterfly with blue and white checked wings, and her feet in the shabby shoes pointed and pirouetted while her glowing face with the hair brushed so smoothly back was turned up towards the branches of the chestnut tree. She was so happy that she had forgotten all about Coco, and only came to earth at the sound of voices

(Continued on page 36)



You—and the girls you know

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IN the days when your mothers and grandmothers were growing into young womanhood, science had as yet found no modern sanitary protection, such as you now take quite for granted in Kotex. Think of the amazing comforts and health aids this new age of ours makes possible for you. Why, just this past year new improvements have been perfected so that Kotex now offers you the relief of mental comfort as well as physical.

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KOTEX

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Read this charming article by Chiyo Sugimoto in March



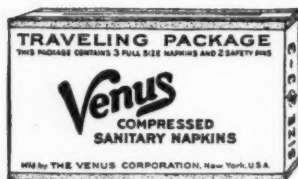
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Chestnut Court

(Continued from page 35)

echoing cheerfully from the archway.

They had come back! Thank goodness, Serena was with them. Rather a subdued Serena, certainly, but not completely crushed.

"Well!" cried Jeanne, "What has happened? Tell me quick!"

Pierre shouted that without doubt the man in the yellow coat who had peeped into the Duchess' window was Mr. Porter, and, in consequence, he, Pierre Gaston Dubois, would most certainly receive a reward of some kind.

"They cannot imagine why Mr. Porter had a copy of Madame Girard's ring," said Monsieur de Villeroze, "nor his reason for allowing Serena to escape with it."

"And they asked me so many questions, and muddled me to such a degree, that I didn't know what I was talking about!" cried Serena.

Jeanne waited patiently until the others had left and she and Serena had the court to themselves. Then Serena was able to give a fairly accurate account of what had taken place.

"They didn't keep us waiting long," she said, "but showed us into a magnificent room where a gentleman was sitting at a table inlaid with brass and simply covered with expensive paper, and gold fountain pens, and inkpots. Another gentleman was standing with his elbow on the mantelpiece, and a young man—he was the private secretary—was sitting at the end of the inlaid table with a typewriter in front of him. We all said our names, and they were written in books; then we were asked to sit down, and each one of us in turn was questioned. The gentlemen all spoke French—through the nose but quite well except for that—and they were extremely nice and friendly. We all related the things you know already. Pierre described the man in the yellow coat, and somebody went round to the hotel and brought back a queer looking coat which Pierre declared was an absolute twin to the one the man was wearing."

"So that as good as proves that Mr. Porter has been here," said Jeanne.

"Yes," nodded Serena. "Then I had to go into details about the ring. I just told exactly what had happened, and they asked a few questions, and then they simply talked and talked to the Duchess."

"What about?" questioned Jeanne.

"About her ring, and where it came from," replied Serena. "They appeared terribly interested, but the Duchess wouldn't take it off her finger for a long time, and would give no information beyond the fact that it was the *Last Hope*, and had been given to her by a member of some old family who had died years ago. If you ask me, Jeanne, the Duchess was playing the silly. She pretended she didn't understand lots of things, and Pierre declares that the man in spectacles sitting at the table knew something that he wanted to make the Duchess admit without actually telling her himself, but the Duchess was not admitting anything. She lapsed into a

Screams in the night as the gilded wheels sank into the quicksand—

sort of dreamy state, and at last they gave her a pen, and asked her to write her name on a piece of paper."

"What a strange thing to do," exclaimed Jeanne.

"Wasn't it?" said Serena. "She took the gold fountain pen from the secretary as if she were a queen about to put her signature to a new law, and wrote in her small, beautiful writing, Camille Girard."

"Did they think she was not Camille Girard?" questioned Jeanne.

"I couldn't tell you what they thought—I was wondering what they were going to do with my ring!" cried Serena. "But the man in the spectacles said he would act as guardian to the ring until Mr. Porter was found. I could have shouted with joy! Pierre said that I poked my head backwards and forwards like a duck when it's walking on land, and said, 'thank you' until Monsieur de Ville-rose told me to stop, but I don't care how silly I was—I haven't got the ring."

"And as far as I can see you've done nothing but get rid of the ring," said Jeanne. "Nothing can happen until Mr. Porter is found."

There was silence for a little while, then Jeanne told Serena about the wonderful thing that had happened to her. Serena could scarcely believe the good news, and her pleasure was as sincere as Jeanne's. So they sat talking, planning, building castles in the air, lovely, lovely castles. And the hour of the mid-day meal was long past when a thin and pale young man with an easel under his arm appeared from the archway.

"The third floor artist," whispered Serena. "I've never seen him before. He's been ill ever since he arrived."

"A ghost," murmured Jeanne.

The young man came across the cracked stones, and bowed to the girls; he wore a threadbare overcoat, a muffler around his neck, and a shabby felt hat. He was clean shaven, tall, quite young, but rather shaky on his legs.

"The sun has called me out," he said. "I couldn't stay up there one moment longer. I've had a rotten time in this Chestnut Court, but I must paint the tree while it is still a bower of liquid jade. Look, you can see the veins in all the leaves. It cannot be material—it is a thing of light, color, and spirit!"

He fixed his easel, put up a large canvas, and placed his palette on the stones. Serena wondered whether he had had anything to eat, and Jeanne whether he had ever sold a picture.

The young artist looked at Jeanne. "I want to paint you sitting just in the shadow of the workshop with a golden wig in your hand," he said. "And the green light of the chestnut tree all around you. I've never yet sold a picture, mademoiselle, but with you and the chestnut tree there's some hope for me."

They all laughed, the artist began making a rapid sketch of the chestnut tree, and Serena asked him if he knew anything about the Duchess' ring. He confessed that the Duchess herself had told him how she had lost and found it, when she came to see him while he was sick.

"I'd like to paint Coco walking over the stones," remarked the artist suddenly. "I'll put him into the picture when

the chestnut tree's in bloom. I've had several opportunities of watching him when the Duchess has come up to bring me stone soup—a regular character is that parrot, and the Duchess is an angel in disguise."

"Sapristi!"

Jeanne was on her feet, her eyes wide open, her hands clasped tragically, and her breath coming in gasps. She darted round the workshop, looked behind every block, glanced into the stove, flew out and searched the chestnut tree, then ran across to the Duchess' window.

"Ah, my little Jeanne," smiled the Duchess, "I was just coming out to ask you to give me Coco. Has he been good?"

Jeanne was speechless; she had not seen Coco for quite two hours. In thinking of her own wonderful affairs, and Serena's adventure, she had forgotten him. Nevertheless she was most distressed for she realized how much Coco meant to the Duchess.

"I'll find him, I will, indeed," wailed Jeanne. "Serena, where can we look?"

The artist joined in the hunt, and the hue and cry went forth in all directions. Serena ran round to her friend at the dairy, but the good lady had seen nothing of Coco; the butcher promised to listen for his voice, and off went Serena to the Sisters. They had neither seen nor heard anything of the missing parrot. Old Delplace and Monsieur de Ville-rose joined in the search while Serena went to the police station, but there was never a sign of Coco.

When the sun dropped to sleep in the ocean, staining the sky red as he did so, a paper boy came whistling into Chestnut Court.

"News!" he cried. "News of your millionaire! Chestnut Court's the talk of Paris. You'll have tourists in busses here tomorrow!"

But there was nothing new in the paper, only the same old story repeated, and Jeanne and Serena looking out of the long, low window at the top of the chestnut tree wondered anxiously where Coco was spending the night.

CHAPTER IX

Mr. Parker—Millionaire

"Serena! Serena! The chestnut tree's in bloom!"

Out of the latticed window popped Serena's golden head; she could not see Jeanne but she knew that she was somewhere down in the court.

"A miracle has come to pass in the night!" cried the voice of Monsieur de Villeroze who was drinking his morning coffee at his open window.

"Oh—it is more lovely than it has ever been before!" exclaimed Serena, voicing the opinion of the court.

"Won't it be just perfect for Daddy when he comes home?"

She did not wait for an answer but went skipping down the stairs thinking how lovely it would be if only Coco would come back. On the third floor she met the artist hurrying out with his easel and paints eager to be at work, and afraid that the chestnut tree would throw off its exquisite veil before he could

(Continued on page 38)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING

Saturday?

Whether it's cleaning your own room—doing odds and ends of washing—or helping with the housework, you'll find that Fels-Naptha gives you extra help.

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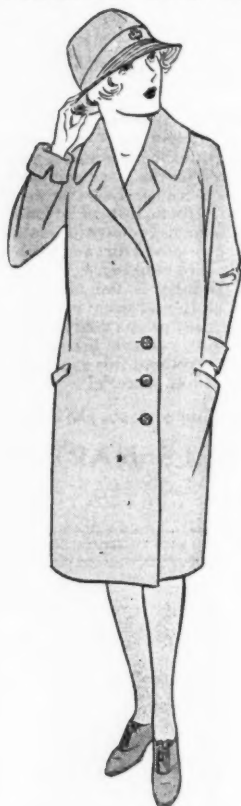
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Read this mysterious Scotch ghost story in the March issue

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Chestnut Court

(Continued from page 37)

transfer it with brushes to his canvas. "Friends," the chestnut tree seemed to say, "I told you last year that *nothing* can ever die, nothing could ever be lost, nothing is wasted. You forget it sometimes, so here I am again clad in my beauty just to prove that I am right. Come, be merry, this is a great year for Chestnut Court."

Old Delplace said he would treat them to oysters at eleven o'clock at the little wine shop—in honor of the chestnut tree, of course,—but as Jeanne and Serena detested oysters he suggested raspberry *sirop* and cream cakes for them, which they accepted gleefully. Pierre, who was obliged to go to school, grumbled that it was not fair, but old Delplace slipped something into his hand which apparently pacified him, for he went off delighted. Oh, there was always a lovely feeling in the air when the chestnut tree was in bloom!

At eleven o'clock precisely they walked in procession to the wine shop, sat at little green tables arranged on the pavement, and solemnly ate oysters. Neither the Duchess nor the artist was ashamed to show how much they enjoyed them, and Jeanne was very glad that on this occasion she was able to do justice to the *éclairs*.

Like all good things old Delplace's lunch came to an end, and the day wore on. By three o'clock in the afternoon Chestnut Court was very silent. Jeanne threaded fine hair into fine canvas, old Delplace did his accounts on the end of the table, and the artist in the yard painted rapidly. The Duchess sat at her window embroidering initials on handkerchiefs, and Serena sat on a stool at her feet. There was no sound anywhere but the murmur of the chestnut tree.

Presently a shadow emerged from the archway and stepped into the sunlight where it became Mr. John Porter—Mr. John Porter, carrying Coco in a small

cage. Nobody saw him, so he stood still for a moment looking at the artist's back, which was turned to him, and from that his eyes wandered to the doorway which led to the passage at the end of which was the Duchess' front door.

What has happened so far in this story

Serena Southcott, an English girl, lives with her father in a quaint corner of Paris called Chestnut Court because of the great chestnut tree that raises its black branches to the sky. Serena's friend, Jeanne, lives across the court, and Monsieur de Villeroze, musician, Papa Delplace, wigmaker, and an old lady called the Duchess, are other residents. The Duchess' diamond ring is stolen and Jeanne's brother, Pierre, believes that a man in a yellow coat, whom he has seen skulking near the Duchess' window, took it.

When the police ask if the diamond is a real one, the Duchess answers that it is a minor historical gem called the *Last Hope*.

A few days later Mr. Southcott comes down with influenza and asks Serena to take some silk samples for him to an American millionaire, Mr. John Porter, who is at a Paris hotel. Serena discovers that he is young and friendly. When he leaves the room she sees a jewel case on the grand piano, and in it the Duchess' ring! Scarcely conscious of what she is doing, Serena seizes the ring and rushes from the room only to find on returning home that the Duchess has found her ring!

The mystery deepens when Pierre reports that the papers are full of the disappearance of Mr. John Porter, and that the American Embassy is offering a reward for information about him, and when Serena finds the stone in her ring is paste.

At last, a solution of the mystery of the *Last Hope*, the American millionaire and the Duchess—in March. Don't miss it.

To Walk Like a Princess

(Continued from page 21)

chest will be corrected. A great many girls, who get enough exercise to develop good-looking legs, neglect the upper portions of their bodies and have thin arms, a stringy neck, stooped and angular shoulders and hollow chest.

Exercise Number Five

Stand erect, hands upon the hips, feet about twenty inches apart, back to a mirror and bend backward until you can see your reflection in the mirror. Begin with ten and increase to twenty. When this becomes easy stand near a bed and bend backward until the head touches the bed. When you can do this well, place a mattress or anything soft upon the floor and bend backward as far as possible, then remove the hands quickly from the hips and place them back and down upon the mattress, keeping the head well back and the elbows straight. And there you have the backbend. Some of you will learn this in less than a month

of daily exercise while others may require as much as three months.

Of course all girls also should play at least two games well. Tennis and water sports make an ideal combination. And the limberness that will be developed in doing the backbend will enable you to play all games better.

In many ways this method of developing good carriage is specially adapted to make one graceful in the full meaning of the term. Graceful carriage gained from the backbend will not be an assumed and artificial military stiffness, but the natural position of a slender, gracefully curved body, with as delicate a sense of balance as a dancer's.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We asked Mr. Joselyn to write this article because he is one of the most popular athletic teachers in New York, and because he has made a special study of graceful carriage for girls and women. In an early issue, he will tell you of another series of exercises.

If you would go adventuring with the Polish Girl Guides—

When I Was a Girl

(Continued from page 15)

anything which was handy. And we had a thrilling time doing it and kept the firemen and the churches in funds.

One Christmas holiday season, we gave a play called *The Fairy of the Fountain*. The fountain was beautifully made of blue cheesecloth and a foot tub, with a background of evergreens cut from the woods. I remember insisting on wearing a costume of the time of Louis XV, which was most inappropriate, and Nathalie McLean, who was our playwright and poet, had to write a special part for me to account for my strange attire!

I only remember two lines of the play, *The Fairy of the Fountain*—"Little Boy: Oh for some water, I thirst, I thirst. *The Fairy (elegantly)*: There is plenty in the fountain, drink till you burst!"

Sunday evenings we used to gather on the steps of somebody's piazza and sing every song and hymn we knew, and we knew thousands. We always went everywhere together—no one ever thought of "twosing." You see at heart we were real Girl and Boy Scouts.

In 1886 my oldest sister was married. Two years later, the rest of us—Father, Mother and Sister Martha—went to Europe again. We crossed this time on the *Aurania*, and on that trip I met the man who afterwards became my husband. He was going abroad on business and brought a letter of introduction to my father. We have often laughed over his statement that he fell in love with me at first sight. I never could believe the story, as a plainer young lady than I was at that time can scarcely be imagined.

We remained abroad a year, passing the summer at Homburg. Martha became engaged, that summer, to George Munroe, and was married in the autumn in Paris, where she has lived ever since.

We came home again that autumn, and in January my mother died and I found myself a housekeeper. Never having been a Girl Scout, I was never a very good housekeeper, but my father and I had a lot of fun together.

I made my debut, first in Paris, under my sister's wing and then, the following winter, in New York. I have a picture of myself at nineteen, with a tiny waist, and low-necked dress with huge puffed sleeves. I'm sure the waist must have been very painful, but I know I was very proud of it!

Mr. Edey and I were married on the fourteenth of September, 1893. My wedding took place in the room where I am now sitting writing these memoirs. Hen was my maid-of-honor and, two years later, I served in the same capacity for her. My daughter, Julia, was born in the summer of 1894 and has grown up in this old house, enjoying much the same simple pleasures as I did.

As I look back on all of our doings, I realize how much Girl Scouting and Boy Scouting would have added to our fun and how much we all missed in not having it and, thinking it over, I see that our program is made up of just the things we used to love to do, plus the knowledge of how to do them well.


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This good-looking flashlight is a special Eveready model made-to-order for Girl Scouts. It has every feature a Scout needs in a light and it carries the approval and endorsement of headquarters. It is the only official Girl Scout Flashlight and the minute you see one you'll realize why it is so popular with outdoor girls everywhere.

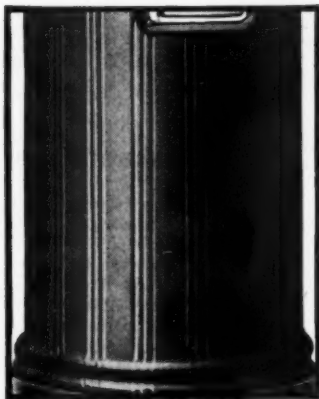
You don't have to hold this flashlight in your hand at all. That clip you see on the back fastens it to your belt or jacket and leaves both hands free. And the beam can be focused. Gives you a long-range searchlight beam or a broad, close-by light simply by turning the lens one way or the other.

The case is woodland gray in color. Looks well with the uniform, carries the official Girl Scout insignia, and has the famous Eveready "ribbon" design. The light is fitted with a ring-hanger that snaps back out of the way and the switch is the Eveready safety-type that prevents accidental lighting and gives either off-and-on or steady light.

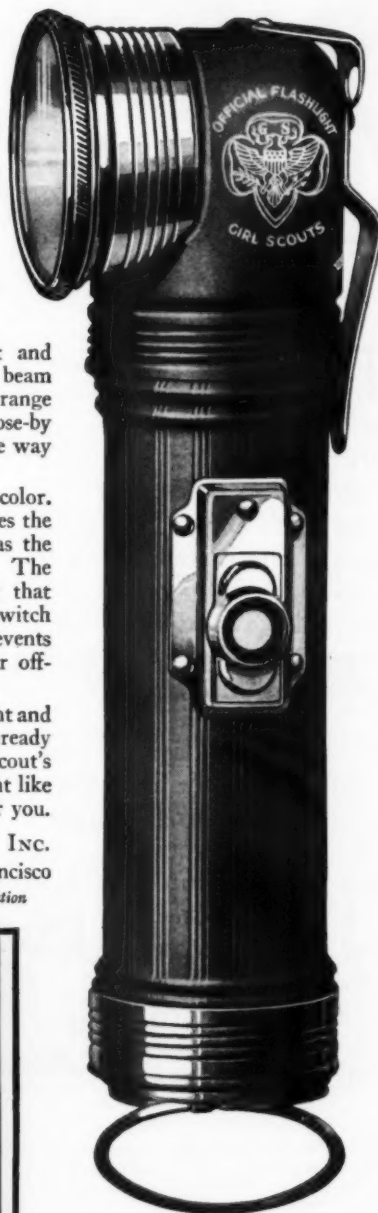
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Then you mustn't overlook Eleanor Taft Mauk's article next month



Crayola Parties~ for the American Girl!

TWENTY-EIGHT February days of parties and fun ahead for all of us! Valentine parties and dances and club meetings on and near St. Valentine's Day . . . patriotic parties on Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays . . . and only a few busy in-between days for plans, invitations, and decorations!

But those busy days are just as much fun as the party days . . . when you are planning and making your own decorations and invitations. And when you use CRAYOLA Wax Crayons and ARTISTA Water Colors to make

them, work becomes a fascinating pastime.

Place cards, for example: Make a simple little sketch on white cardboard and color it with CRAYOLA Wax Crayons or ARTISTA Water Colors, print the name, and there you are. A tricky little place card . . . all your own . . . just what you wanted . . . and so easy to do it's just fun.

And right on through the other three hundred and some odd days of the year, CRAYOLA Wax Crayons and ARTISTA Water Colors are just the right color mediums for every use . . . at home and at school.



We have a booklet of Seasonal Party Suggestions for Children. Perhaps you have a little brother or sister you'd like to plan a party for . . . but if you haven't, you will like our booklet anyway, for it has a good many suggestions you can use for your own parties. Send 20c in stamps for your copy. Address Department A. G.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.

41 East 42 St.

New York, N. Y.

When Girl Scouts Have Their Parties

(Continued from page 29)

with taps, and now we are all looking forward with pleasure to the next one."

Parties for mothers

They are popular among Girl Scouts

Only eight girls to plan, cook and serve a dinner for fifty people! And yet Troop Sixteen of East Orange, New Jersey, was not discouraged. Two of the eight were given charge of the potatoes, two of the salad, two of the soup, one of the rolls and butter and one of the meat. And the mother-daughter dinner was on its way.

Everyone did her share so well that things went smoothly during the meal. "The soup was just hot enough," writes Isabella Watters, "the rolls nice and crisp. Never had there been such creamy potatoes, such beautifully browned meat, or such smooth gravy. Not a hitch was made in serving or clearing until —

"It was just time to serve the ice-cream. It had been carefully taken out of its tub of ice and salt, but somebody was speaking and we dared not interrupt. The air in the kitchen was hot, not at all suitable for keeping ice-cream hard. You can imagine the result!"

Have you had a party?

If so, tell us about it

If your troop has had a party recently, won't you write to THE AMERICAN GIRL about it? We want to have lots of party news so that we can put it in the magazine for other girls to read. Describe your party fully, especially if it is in any way unusual, and send pictures if you can.

Are You a Sculptor?

If you are a sculptor or would like to be one, write at once to Miss Gertrude L. Carey, of the Girl Scout Art and Handicraft Department, at 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. She will tell you what you will need to do to enter the soap sculpture competition, arranged by the Proctor and Gamble Company, and how you can make all sorts of lovely and amusing figures from plain white soap.

Prizes are offered in professional and in junior and senior amateur groups. For the senior amateurs—competitors between fifteen and twenty-one years old—the first award is one hundred dollars; the second, seventy-five; the third, fifty; the fourth, thirty; and there are ten honorable mention awards of ten dollars each. Winners in the junior amateur class—including all contestants under fifteen years of age—will receive first, second, third and fourth prizes of twenty-five, twenty, fifteen, and ten dollars, respectively, and the ten honorable mention awards will be five dollars each.

The contest closes on the first of May, so the entries must all be in Miss Carey's hands by April twentieth. Write now for further information and start practicing. You will find soap sculpture lots of fun and, incidentally, it will help toward your Artist and Craftsman badges.

There are German pancakes and French pancakes, pancakes of all nations—



From "Clearing Weather" by Cornelia Meigs, Courtesy of Little, Brown and Company

Adventures in Our Own Land

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

LET US begin today with stories of our own country, for there have been several new books of this kind that might have been written especially for you.

The first one, *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, was certainly not intended for a "girl's book" when it first appeared, a century ago. Washington Irving, then a frisky young man, wrote it largely to poke fun at the solid citizens of his native town, descendants of the Dutchmen who made Nieuw Amsterdam. But there is far more in the book than just fun, and we have never left off reading it, we who like New York and try to keep sight of some of its romantic and legendary past, still alive under the strident and shifting present. The book, however, is pretty long, and could be cut down with advantage to the eyesight of somewhat younger readers, and who could do this so well as Anne Carroll Moore, whose famous story *Nicholas* (Putnam) showed that she knew Knickerbocker New York as well as if she had lived in it herself? So we now have *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, edited by Anne Carroll Moore (Doubleday, Doran), illustrated by James Dougherty, who made the pictures for *Paul Bunyan* and for the new *Abe Lincoln Grows Up* of Carl Sandburg.

Speaking of these, there is a book called *Early Days in Ohio*, by Florence M. Everson and Effie Power (Dutton), that tells the story of a pioneer family in the settlement of the Western Reserve—where now stands the great city of Cleveland. When I think of this city's beauty, of its Art Museum thronged with eager young students, of its Playhouse second to none in the country, of its model Public Library and its grand public buildings, I read with an emotion of which I am not at all ashamed, this story of beginnings. The family whose doings this little book describes comes by open boat over Lake Erie from Buffalo; they build a log cabin and trade

with Indians; their work and their play are one, in log-rolling, corn-husking, horse-raising.

Clearing Weather, by Cornelia Meigs (Little, Brown) is a historical novel of merit. I liked it largely because its period is that directly after the close of the American Revolution, when we were getting our bearings in our new life as a nation, and adventure was on the sea, far away, as well as at home on land. A nineteen-year-old boy is the hero, a ship-builder, and the ship goes to China.

Drums, James Boyd's fine novel of the Revolution, has been chosen for the "Illustrated Classics" series (Scribner), and you may now read this already famous story of a southern boy's adventures before and through the War for Independence, with the additional interest of large colored pictures by N. C. Wyeth.

The Ranch of the Golden Flower, by Constance Lindsay Skinner (Macmillan) begins with a fifteen-year-old girl and her brother, but little older, journeying toward California over unknown and all but unbroken trails, their tired horse breaking down at the entrance to a ranch where a Spanish girl and her brother take them in. Tess comes from Kansas, where life was then rough, hard and often desperate; Munita is a flower of Spanish colonial civilization; the two boys stand for quite different types of life. But they come to understand and to learn from one another, and this makes an informing as well as an amusing story. It shows you California as it lay dreaming before the Gold Rush.

Now, turning from yesterday to today, let us see how two young people from the country, in two of the new novels, meet the shock of life in New York. The first is Harriet from the West, who in *Harriet's Choice*, by your friend Jane Abbott (Lippincott), comes to the big city and finds excitement of many kinds. If you don't guess from the title that there is a love story in it, you are

(Continued on page 45)

101 WAYS TO ENTERTAIN

When its your turn to entertain, wouldn't you like to have dozens of clever party ideas to choose from? You can! Whether you are planning a party at home, or a party for your club, church, or school, a bazaar or a festival—whatever the need you will find the very help you are looking for in these new party books just published by Dennison.

Children's Parties—Games, stunts, decorations, costumes, everything to make little folks happy—10 cents.

Showers and Announcements—Clever new ways to entertain for the bride-to-be—10 cents.

Money Making Bazaars and Parties—Dozens of ways to make money for your church, club or society—10 cents.

The Party Book—In one big book, plans for every kind of party all year round. Suggested invitations, decorations, favors, refreshments. A treasure book of plans for the hostess—\$1.00.

The Party Magazine—Four times a year this fascinating magazine brings new ideas for seasonal good times—25 cents per copy.

These new books and Dennison party goods are all on sale at stationers, department stores and many drug stores, or simply send this coupon, check the books you want and enclose proper amount.

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Colors: black, maroon, natural. Skins average
13 sq. ft. Half skin minimum quantity sold

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Colors: red, green, navy blue, light blue, gray,
mahogany, dark brown, natural. Skins run from
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SPLIT CALF SKIN .35 per sq. ft.
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Cutting Knives	.65 a set
Handles	.50 each
Knife Blades	.15 "
Punch #0	.30 "
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LINOLEUM BLOCKS

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4"x6"	.45 "
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Curved Gouge 1/16"	.70 "
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Straight Gouge 1/4"	.55 "
Complete Set	2.55 "

BASKETRY

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No. 5	.55 per lb.
No. 4	.85 " "
No. 3	.90 " "
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WOODEN BASES

Oval 16"x24"	.85 each
Oval 12"x20"	.60 "
Oval 8"x12"	.25 "
Round 8"	.16 "
Round 12"	.30 "

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RUG YARN 1 oz. skein \$.25 each
Colors: black, orange, gold, three shades each
of blue, green, rose and brown

BOOK LINEN per yard .50
Colors: dark blue, olive green, orange, tan
and black

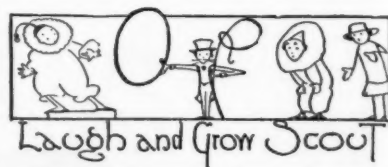
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Colors: dark blue, light blue, dark green, light
green, purple, lavender, yellow, orange, fawn,
tan, brown, pink, red, gray, white and black

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3/8" nickel finish	.80 per doz.
1" nickel finish	.85 " "
1 1/4" nickel finish	1.10 " "
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DIP-IT DYE per tube

Assorted colors	.25
PACKET containing materials for yarn bag, complete	1.00 each



The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month

No Wonder

Two old salts who had spent most of their lives on fishing smacks had an argument on which was the better mathematician. Finally the captain proposed this problem:

"If you sold 126 pounds of codfish at 6 cents a pound, how much would that make?"

The two fellows worked a while but neither seemed to get very far. At last Bill turned to the captain.

"Is it codfish they caught?"

"Yep," said the captain.

"No wonder I couldn't get it. I've been figuring on shad all the time."—Sent by ELLA ALTMAN, Richmond, Virginia.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.



A Perfect Scream

"And were you little once like I am, grandpa?"

"Of course, my boy."

"Gee, you must have been a scream with those glasses and whiskers."—Sent by CATHERINE DOYCE, East Orange, New Jersey.

What a Memory!

MR. JONES: So you remember way back to the Revolutionary War?

OLD NEGRO: Yes, Gen'l Washington and all those people, an' battles, too.

MR. JONES: Then maybe you were witness to the fall of Rome?

OLD NEGRO: Not exactly, but ah reckon ah heard somethin' drop.—Sent by CATHERINE KATZ, Cedarburg, Wisconsin.

Easy,
but—



"Lost your job as a caddy?" asked one boy.

"Yep," replied the other, "I could do the work all right, but I couldn't learn not to laugh."—Sent by JEANETTE LINDSAY, Silver Creek, New York.

How does the American girl look to others when she is in Europe—

I Am a Girl Who—

(Continued from page 19)

because he asked for another and we sat out half of it and he talked all about life at Yale and the wonderful times they have at proms, and football games. He said he was on the scrub team and had a good chance of making the varsity, and he told me he wanted to see me again and said we simply *must* go in to supper together. Of course, I was terribly pleased, especially as I had expected to go in as usual with one of the younger boys of our crowd. I thought most of Ted's Yale friends would take in girls of eighteen or so, like Eve.

And then the supper dance came—and no Dick. The music started and Ned Hart left to look for his partner.

"I'll go get Tommy," he said. "I know he hasn't signed up with anyone."

Imagine! Ned thinking I was left and he had to get someone to take me in!

"No, thank you," I replied coldly. "I'm waiting for Mr. Lee."

But Dick Lee didn't come. And then, just as I was getting terribly mad, I saw him across the floor dancing with Penny! It was all explained in that instant. He hadn't seen Penny and me together and had claimed her for the supper dance, thinking she was I. And Penny had accepted because she probably thought he was asking her, herself, not mistaking her for me. People are so casual about such things. I could hear Dick saying, "This is mine?" with that nice rising inflection of his, and no one would know whether he meant it as a request or as a reminder of something he'd said before.

I slipped out into the music room that connects with the Marshalls' drawing-room. I thought when the dance was over I'd go upstairs and pretend my head ached or something. But when I got to the door, just in time to see Penny and Dick sailing into supper together, who should come along but Tommy Albright, looking awfully childish and uncomfortable in his first tux. And he said, "Hello, Penny, I've been looking for you all over. Shall we eat together?" And I pretended I was Penny and said all right and went in with him, feeling utterly miserable.

That was one of the things that made Penny and me decide we *must* do something. That and the habit people had of referring to us as "the twins" or "the Gorham twins" or even "twinnies." Alice and Edith Green, who aren't twins at all but sisters a year and a half apart, told us they had the same trouble. Everyone called them "the Green girls" and invited them everywhere together and if one couldn't come the other wasn't expected to, and it seemed as if they never could have any individual lives.

"Heaven knows," said Alice, "I'm fond of Edith and she's fond of me, but we don't want to be lumped together like sugar and cream and pepper and salt. So we took turns refusing to go out together. 'I can't come Friday night,' Edith would say, 'but I think Alice can. I'll ask her.' And then I'd go to the telephone and accept with pleasure. The next time, it was my turn to refuse, and Edith went. Of course, I don't know how long we could have kept that up in such a small town as this. We know the same people and like them. But, fortunately, it came time for me to go to college. Then it was easy. And now that Edith is ready for college, too—and she's not going to the same one I do—I think even the people who have known us all our lives will get out of the habit of saying 'the Green girls.'"

It was after talking to Alice Green that Penny and I took our problem to Father and Mother. They couldn't see our point at first, and Mother simply hated to give in to our wearing different clothes. But Father sided with us in that, and with one point won, we managed to gain several others as well.

The matter of boarding-schools is the hardest of all. It's not decided yet whether or not I can go to Redfern Hall while Penny goes to Mother's old school, Greenbriar. But I think we're going to win. Anyway, Penny's letting her hair grow long—she's always wanted to—and I have a windblown bob. And I'm wearing a new blue winter coat with a gray fox collar and Penny has a brown one with beaver. My dress that I wore to the Marshalls' dance is being made over, and Mother let us send our hats to the rummage sale. So we are getting on.

Amy Derrick's mother rang up last night and asked if "the twins" could come to a luncheon party next Friday. Mother answered the telephone and I nodded toward Penny and motioned with my lips, "She can go. I can't." And without turning a hair, Mother said, "I think Daphne has an engagement, but I'm sure Penny would love to come." So I'm going skating. Perhaps, now that we've converted the family, outsiders will begin to think of us as two people instead of one. I certainly hope so. It's hard, being twins. And, as Alice Green says, "It's not much easier being sisters nearly the same age, either."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Daphne's and Penny's is a problem that many sisters have to face. That's why we printed their story. Perhaps there is another kind of puzzle in your life that you would like help in solving. If so, write THE AMERICAN GIRL a letter. It will be published only with your permission.



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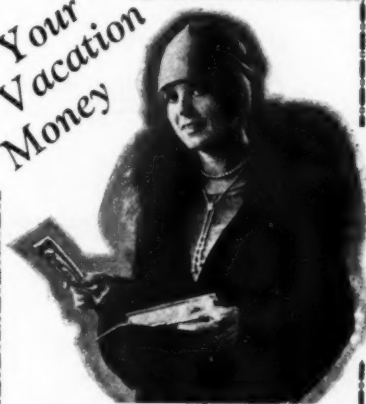
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How to be Charming

(Continued from page 25)

the skin. All traces of powder should be carefully removed from the skin at night. Artificial color—rouge and lipstick—are not considered good form for young girls, who should have plenty of natural color.

5. Your Hair. Hair should be washed when it is dirty. Many hair specialists disapprove of excessive washing and urge you to keep the hair and scalp clean between washings by frequent brushing. Separate the hair and brush up and out. Wipe the brush between strokes and cleanse the scalp by rubbing with a towel.

If the scalp is tight and the hair dry and lifeless, try massaging the scalp each night for five or ten minutes. Massage with a circular motion moving the scalp over the bony structure—never just rubbing the surface.

To shampoo properly, use plenty of water; never rub hard soap on the hair. Scrub vigorously. Rinse thoroughly and apply another lot of soap and water, repeating the whole process. Rinse thoroughly in warm water. Dry in the open air if possible. Do not expose the hair to strong direct sunlight. Do not twist it tightly on hard curlers and never use too hot an iron.

Girls' hair is much better left in its natural state of straightness. Artificial waving is not suitable, and if done carelessly may be harmful.

The method of hair dressing should be chosen thoughtfully. The simplest styles are most suitable, most becoming and at the present time most in vogue. If the hair is bobbed, try to go to a hair cutter who studies your face and does not just give the same cut to every girl. A round face and boyish figure may look well in a short boyish haircut. Slender gentle faces usually look nicer with a more feminine style, even the long bob with the ends on the neck.

Regular features are often suited by a center part, irregular features by a side part. If the forehead is good and not too high, it should have the hair brushed back to show it. If the neck is thin, the long bob or a small knot of hair is flattering. Long hair seems to be much more popular with the younger smart set than the bob is. Girls in their earliest teens wear theirs hanging and their older sisters affect the small knot at the nape of the neck.

The color of the hair changes as one grows older but there is really nothing that you can properly do to overcome this.

The use of perfume is governed by the rules of good taste. It is definitely a sophisticated practice and is not suited to younger girls. A pleasant substitute and one favored by many smart women is the use of a fine sachet in little bags which are distributed in bureau drawers and sewed to coat hangers. Light floral odors should be selected and just enough sachet should be used to give an elusive fragrance. Please remember, also, when you are older and do use perfumes, that a little good perfume goes farther than a lot of cheap scent—and also goes better.

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JNO. C. GOSSLER, Mgr. Dir.



She had never seen her father, but she hated him—

Adventures in Our Own Land

(Continued from page 41)

a pretty slow guesser. The other is a boy, Jack Farrington in *The Giant's House*, by Harford Powel, Jr., (Appleton), who makes not only one, but several attacks on the world of business. This is an unusual story and I hope you read it, for Jack does not go straight up the ladder as story-book boys from the country so often do (and as real boys find it difficult to imitate) but he has more than one set-back and real tumble. You will get good ideas about business from it. If your dream is not business but a career on the stage or at the opera, then you should read either *Schumann-Heink*, the *Last of the Titans*, by Mary Lawton (Macmillan), or *Keeping Off the Shelf*, by Mrs. Thomas Whiffen (Dutton). Each of these ladies has reached an age when most ladies are content to be taken care of, and each is still gallantly going ahead in her profession. Mrs. Whiffen on the edge of the nineties, Mme. Schumann-Heink in her sixty-eighth year. But what I want you to notice in these enthralling books is the hard, long, bitter struggle each of them went through before she really had a foot on the ladder of success.

Now for books about doing or making things. The finest book on hand-weaving that I have yet seen has been prepared with the needs of amateurs in mind, and with a special eye on Girl Scouts, who are up to all such tricks as these. *The Shuttle-Craft Book of American Hand-Weaving*, by Mary Meigs Atwater (Macmillan), is a large volume whose paper jacket is taken from a fine old spread, whose cover is linen, and whose endpapers are in a beautiful fabric design. It gives the history of the loom in America and is, in addition, a remarkably practical manual for the use of workers. Spinning, dyeing, setting up the loom—in short, it covers the subject in every detail.

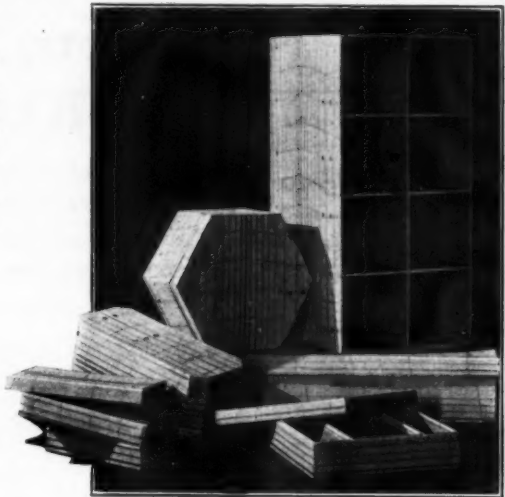
Beginning the Garden, by Helen Page Wodell (Macmillan), is a very small book, but I prefer it to many a larger one because it explains everything that most of the big books take for granted you know. As I generally do not know, this book is much pleasanter. It would do for anyone, old or young, who is beginning to garden.

Let me leave our country a moment to remind you once more what a good annual the Girl Guides of England have published, *The Second Trail* (Appleton). It has stories of adventure and historical sketches, poems, sports, and in general such an assortment of reading-matter as does credit to the reading-habits of the Guides, to the ability of the editor, and to the talents of the contributors, many of whom are famous in the world of letters.

Since the fourteenth of February is Valentine's Day, I can't resist mentioning a book that will make the loveliest valentine imaginable. It is *The White Cat and Other Old French Fairy Tales* by Countess D'Aulnoy, arranged by Rachel Field (Macmillan). Elizabeth MacKinsty has made charming illustrations.

Adorable Boxes for Your Own Room

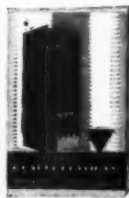
that you can make yourself—all decorated alike—for hats, stockings, hankies, lingerie, gloves, shoes, jewelry, and beads, etc.



WHY have a miscellaneous assortment of manufacturer's boxes? Why not have them look all alike; distinctly your own; an expression of your good taste? It's easy to cover any box. Just follow these directions. Select a paper for the outside and another paper for the lining. (Treat the cover as if it were another box.) Cut panels outside paper for long sides to lap over $\frac{1}{2}$ inch top, bottom and ends. Lepage in place. Cut panels for ends $\frac{1}{4}$ inch less than width and 1 inch deeper to lap over top and bottom. Lepage in place. Cut panel for outside bottom $\frac{1}{4}$ inch less all around. Lepage in place. Cut strips lining paper for all inside joints wide enough to lap over $\frac{1}{2}$ inch both sides. Lepage in place. Cut panels lining paper for inside bottom, sides

and ends $\frac{1}{4}$ inch less all round. Lepage in place. Let dry and shellac.

Wasn't that easy? There are lots of other things you can make for your own room, and full directions are given in LePage's New Book, "Craft Creations in the Modern Manner." The hard part was done for you by an interior decorator in New York. All you have to do is follow simple, easy directions. The result will be beautiful things for your room at trifling cost.



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If you have had an AMERICAN GIRL campaign, don't forget to send in an account of it and compete for the prize offered to the troop whose plan was most original. February fifteenth is the final date for your letter! Send it before then to

Elsie Wrase, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Magic Box

(Continued from page 18)

That evening Patsy left the barn before the others, to prepare supper. To her surprise she found her new friend waiting near the house. He swung down from his horse at her approach and said eagerly, "Miss Patsy, you're going to the barbecue. I've found a way to help you!"

But Patsy, weary and discouraged, replied bitterly, "I guess there's no help for us—nothing but hard work."

At this the visitor grew serious, too, and moved closer to the girl. "Miss Patsy," he said in a low tone, "if you can trust me absolutely—and also keep a secret—I can help you finish all your work in a short time."

For some time they talked in low tones. Only when her friend had gone did strange misgivings assail Patsy. Surely, though, this young man was no mere dreamer, and surely she could trust one so highly thought of by Mistress Greene.

When supper was over Patsy went to bed in the little room she shared with Betty Jane and Nancy. Here she waited tensely until the rest of the family retired. Then she hurried quickly into her clothes and crawled from the low, open window.

How glad she was that the stable was down in the hollow, a safe distance from the house. She felt certain she could drive away through the sand without rousing anyone. The moon was well up above the trees, however, before she finished carrying the sacks of cotton from the barn to the wagon shed near the stable. Then she hitched the horse to the wagon and drove through the moonlight to the Greene home, where the young man waited in the grove. There was suppressed excitement in his manner when he greeted her. At the door of the house he helped her down, and together they carried the sacks into a basement room, brilliantly lighted with candles. Though she had never been here before, Patsy had often heard of the workshop where the Greenes' guest spent many hours a day.

In the room were all kinds of workbenches and tools, dear to the creative mind. The young man paused at one of the long work-tables where stood a little box-shaped contraption with a handle something like a miniature windlass.

"Now I'm going to make this little box do all the work for you," he said gaily.

He dumped some cotton on the table and spread the empty sack close to the box. Through an opening in it he began to stuff the seed cotton.

"Turn the handle and see what happens," he said to Patsy.

As though touching a magic box from which a goblin might spring, Patsy turned the handle. To her amazement, fluffy, seeded cotton rolled from one opening, while seed spilled from another. In five minutes as much cotton had been cleaned as Patsy had ever been able to seed in that many hours.

"Am I dreaming?" she gasped.

"No. I did the dreaming, Miss Patsy," said the young inventor, "and you're seeing the dream come true at last."

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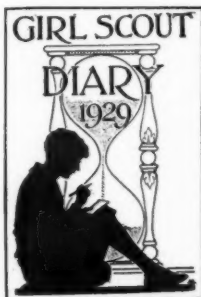
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JUST to remind you that **THE AMERICAN GIRL** makes one of the nicest valentines there is. Give it to your best friend on the fourteenth.

The next morning the Boyd family found it difficult to realize the truth of what Patsy told them. But there were the mounds of seeded cotton giving evidence of the verity of her memorable hour in the basement room of the inventor.

"It—it seems unbelievable," Mr. Boyd kept saying, moved from his stolid attitude. "If this man has made a machine for seeding cotton then we can raise any amount of it. This land grows it so easily. Why—why, Mother, we may some day be rich!"

Suddenly little Nancy seemed to catch the full significance of it. She realized they wouldn't have to sit and seed cotton while others went to the barbecue. "And now we can go to the barbecue!" she exclaimed, joyously.

At this Mistress Boyd grew thoughtful. "I believe we can if we'll get to work at once on those new calico dresses. Betty Jane can sew the straight seams while Patsy and I cut and baste and fit." "And I'll do the chores and watch the dinner," put in Nancy eagerly.

Perhaps there was no happier family in the whole community than the Boyds on the morning of the barbecue. Of course there was not room in the spring wagon for all seven of them and the fat lunch basket, too, so the boys and their father tramped across the fields to Mulberry Grove. On the driver's seat beside Patsy was her mother, stiffly arrayed in her new grey print with an amethyst brooch at her throat. Betty Jane and Nancy in their bright pink calicoes sat on an improvised board seat, with the lunch basket occupying the floor space in front of them. Patsy's dress was figured with corn flowers, exactly matching her eyes.

As early as they were, many neighbors were already in the mulberry grove near the Greene home. The atmosphere was filled with the delicious fragrance of the brown, juicy meat. On the pine board tables, built in the shade of the trees, housewives were depositing their bulging baskets.

The Boyd boys came up and began unhitching the horse while the girls and their mother started toward the tables with their basket. Half way across the grove, Mr. Boyd and the young inventor joined them.

"Miss Patsy, I said all along you were coming to this barbecue," laughed the young man.

"Well, we certainly wouldn't be here if you hadn't helped us by making that magic little box," said Patsy, her blue eyes shining happily.

"The whole South will be praising him when he gets his cotton engine on the market," said Mr. Boyd. "We have been talking about building houses where planters can bring their cotton to be ginned. Many people will have cause to praise the name of Eli Whitney."

"If I'd known you were going to be so famous, Mr. Whitney," said Patsy mischievously. "I wouldn't have scolded you that day I tumbled over the bluff—or told you all our family troubles."

"I'm not famous yet," replied the young man, his kind face suddenly growing serious. "And I'm glad you told me your troubles. It certainly spurred me on to perfect my invention."

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† Brownie Wings.....		.20
† Golden Hand.....		.10
† Golden Bar.....		.10
† Emblems.....		.10

Badges

† Attendance Stars.....	\$.1
Gold.....	.1
Silver.....	.1
† First Class Badge.....	.2
† Flower Crests.....	.1
† Life Saving Crosses.....	1.7
Silver.....	1.5
Bronze.....	.1
† Proficiency Badges.....	.1
† Second Class Badge.....	.1
† Thanks Badge.....	3.0
Heavy gold plate with bar.....	5.0
10 K Gold Pin.....	.7
Gold Plate Pins.....	.7
Silver Plate.....	.7

Insignia

† Armband.....	\$.25
† Corporal's Chevron.....	.10
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron...	.20
† Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat).....	.50
† Hat Insignia (for Brown Owl's hat).....	.50
† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts.....	.25
† Patrol Leader's Chevron.....	.20

Pins

† Brownie.....	\$.15
† Brown Owl Pin.....	.25
† Committee.....	.75
* Community Service.....	.35
† Golden Eagle.....	1.50
† Lapels—G. S., Bronze.....	.50
† Girl Scout Pins.....	.50
10K Gold (safety catch).....	3.00
Gold Filled (safety catch).....	.75
New Type.....	.15
Old style plain pin.....	.05
Midget gold filled.....	.50
Worn by Officers or Girl Scouts when not in uniform	
† Senior Girl Scout Pin.....	.75

Songs

America, the Beautiful.....	\$.05
Are You There?.....	.10
Enrollment.....	.10
Everybody Ought to Be a Scout.....	.15
First National Training School.....	.25
Girl Guide.....	.60
Girl Scout Song Book.....	.50
Girl Scout Songs.....	.10
Vocal Booklet.....	.30
Piano Edition.....	.30
Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04
Lots of 10 or more.....	.03
Goodnight.....	.15
Hiking On.....	.30
On the Trail.....	.40
Midget Size.....	.05
Lots of 10 or more.....	.02
Onward.....	.15
Songs for Troop and Camp.....	.30
(Words and Music).....	.30
To America.....	.25

Flags

2x3 ft. Wool.....	\$ 2.25
3x5 ft. Wool.....	3.60
4x6 ft. Wool.....	4.60

2x3 ft. Wool.....	\$2.60 10c per letter
2½x4 ft. Wool.....	4.20 15c "
3x5 ft. Wool.....	5.75 20c "
4x6 ft. Wool.....	7.50 20c "

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags and pennants.

† Lettered with any Troop No. 1.50

STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

PRICES EFFECTIVE FOR MARCH 1929

	Price		Price
Signal Flags		Minimum Standards for Girl	
Flag Set complete.....	\$.75	Nancy Goes Girl Scouting	\$.25
Includes:		(Jean Henry Large).....	1.50
1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed		Rivets.....	2.00
6-ft. Staff.....		By Birdsell Otis Edey.....	1.25
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy		Stories and How to Tell Them.....	.35
Web Carrying Case.....		Tramping and Trailing.....	.35
1 pr. of Semaphore Flags in-		Witchery of Archery.....	2.00
cluding Sticks and Carrying		Nature Program.....	
Spear Emblem—separate.....	.50	A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders	
1 pr. of Morse Code Flags with-	.25	in their Nature Work.....	.20
out Jointed Flagstaff or Carry-		Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides	
ing Case.....		Tramping.....	.03
Staff.....		First Class and Rambler.....	.05
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with spiral	6.75	Second Class and Observer.....	.10
G. S. Emblem.....	5.00	Per Set of 3.....	.15
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.....	3.50	Nature Projects.....	
G. S. Emblem—separate.....	3.70	Set of three (Bird, Tree and	
Eagle Emblem—separate.....	2.00	Flower Finder) with note-	
Blue Book of Rules.....	1.60	book cover.....	1.50
Flag Carrier.....	2.60	Projects, each.....	.40
Flag Standard.....	1.50	Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower	
Literature		instruction sheet, each.....	.10
Brown Book for Brown Owls.....	\$.50	Garden Flower Project.....	.40
Brown Magic.....	.75	Insect Finder Project.....	.50
Brownie Handbook, English.....	.25	Rock Finder Project.....	.10
Brownie Games, English.....	.25	Star Finder Project.....	.20
Blue Book of Rules.....	.25	with Planisphere.....	.20
Camping Out (By L. H. Weir).....	2.00	Land Animal Finder Project.....	.40
Campward Ho!.....	.75	(These projects not supplied in note-	
Camp and Field Notebook Cover		book cover).....	
Ceremonies around the Girl		Audubon Bird Plates.....	1.00
Scout Year.....	.25	Set of 50.....	
Community Service Booklet—		Girl Scout's Hope Chest	
Each 10c; Per dozen.....	1.00	(By Alice Sandford).....	.15
First Aid Book—New Edition.....	1.00	Patrol Register, each.....	.15
Games and Recreational Methods		Patrol System for Girl Guides.....	.25
for Clubs, Camps and Scouts		Plays.....	
(By Clara F. Smith).....	2.00	How St. John Came to Bence's	
Girls' Clubs (By Helen Ferris).....	2.00	School.....	.15
Girl Guide Book of Games.....	.50	A Pail of Red Geraniums.....	.15
Girl Scout Diary.....	.35	Why the Rubbish!.....	.15
Girl Scout Game Book.....	.25	Everybody's Affair.....	.15
Girl Scout Handicrafts.....	3.00	When the Four Winds Met	
Girl Scout Hike Pack.....	.05	(By Olaf Schrank).....	.15
Girl Scout Short Stories		Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret	
(Series 1).....	2.00	Mochrie).....	.15
Girl Scout Short Stories		Lots of ten or more, each.....	.10
(Series 2).....	2.00	Simple Dramatics for Troop	
Health Record Books, each.....	1.00	Meetings.....	.50
Per dozen.....	1.00	Post Cards.....	
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover.....	1.10	Set of Six (Silhouette).....	1.00
Flexible Cloth Cover.....	.80	Set of four (Colored) (Fall,	
English Girl Guide.....	.75	Winter, Spring, Summer,	
Home Service Booklet, each.....	.10	Sets cannot be broken).....	.15
Per dozen.....	1.00	Girl Scout National Headquarters 2 for .05	
How to Start a Girl Scout Troop		Washington Little House (Ex-	
Pamphlet, each.....	.06	terior).....	.02
Per hundred.....	5.00	Washington Little House (Door-	
International Conference and		way).....	.02
World Camp Report.....	1.25	Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price)	
Juliette Low and the Girls.....	2.00	Per hundred.....	4.50
Scouts.....	.50	Girl Scout's Promise.....	.05
Kettles and Camp Fires.....	.55	Per hundred.....	4.50
Knots, Hitches and Splices.....	.15	Brownie Laws.....	.03
Life Saving Booklet.....	.10		
Lone Girl Scout Trailmaker.....	.35		
Lone Girl Scout Adventurer.....	.35		

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS FOR ORDERING EQUIPMENT

1. Girl Scout Equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official Girl Scout green cloth is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization. Above prices are postage paid and subject to change without notice.

† Authorized department stores cannot sell these items.

* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards

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670 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Earn your own equipment with "American Girl" Premiums.

Write for a list

Brownie Song.....	Price
Series of Law Cards.....	\$.03
"A Girl Scout is Cheerful".....	4.50
"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted".....	
"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals".....	
"A Girl Scout is Thrifty".....	.03
Any of above, each.....	.03
Per hundred.....	2.50
Posters.....	
New Building Poster 9½x11½	
Per dozen.....	1.00
New Girl Scout Poster (By Karl Johnson) Large.....	.25
Medium.....	.20
Small.....	.05
Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke).....	.15
Girl Scout's Promise, 11x16.....	.15
Per hundred.....	10.00
Girl Scout's Promise, 8x11.....	.10
Per hundred.....	8.00
Girl Scout Laws.....	.30
Size 14 x 19.....	.10
Size 9 x 11.....	.10
Producing Amateur Entertainments (By Helen Ferris).....	2.00
Scout Mastership.....	1.50
Three Degrees in Hiking.....	.10
Tramping and Trailing with the Girl Scout.....	.75
Tramp Marker (not engraved).....	8.00
Troop Management Course.....	.75
Troop Register (Field Notebook Size).....	1.55
Additional Sheets.....	
Cash Record (15 sheets).....	.25c package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c ea.
Treasurer's Monthly Record (30 sheets).....	.25c package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c ea.
Treasurer's Record (15 sheets).....	.25c package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c ea.
Individual Record.....	.25c package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c ea.
Troop Advancement Record.....	3c a sheet
Troop Reports (30 sheets).....	.25c package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c ea.
Miscellaneous	
Astronomy Game.....	\$.75
Axe, with sheath.....	1.85
Bead Loom.....	1.25
Belt Hooks, extra.....	.05
Blankets—3½-pound, small size	
O.D.—3½-pound, all wool, size	
66x80.....	4.75
Buttons.....	5.00
† Buttons—Per Set, Officer's, Ivory	
Buttons, for replacement	
Girl Scout, metal.....	.02
Officer's.....	.01
Camp Toilet Kit.....	2.75
Canteen, Aluminum.....	2.35
Compass.....	1.00
Radiolette Dial.....	1.50
Cuts Running Girl.....	1.00
Trefoil.....	.75
First Aid Kit, with bottle.....	.80
Iodine Antiseptic.....	.40
First Aid Kit, No. 1.....	2.90
Flashlights, Small Size.....	2.50
Large Size.....	2.50
Flexy Dolls (small).....	.15
† Girl Scout Cloth—36" wide,	
per yd.....	.75
Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem	
Linens.....	.35
Box of three.....	1.00
Cotton.....	.20
Box of six.....	1.00
Haversacks.....	3.00
No. 1, Khaki.....	2.00
No. 2, Khaki.....	2.00
Rucksack, green.....	2.85
Knives, No. 1.....	1.60
No. 2.....	1.60
Shavers, Electric.....	1.60
Lapels, per pair.....	.20
Memory Book, Black.....	1.50
Black and gray.....	2.00
Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces.....	2.75
Mirror—Unbreakable.....	.25
My Camp Log.....	1.00
† Patterns.....	
Girl Scout Dress, 10-42.....	.25
Brownie, 8-12.....	.30
Officer's Dress.....	.25
Neckerchief slides, green only	
Paper Weight, Bronze or Black	
Girl Scout Feeding Rabbit.....	.50
Poncho (45x72).....	3.50
Poncho (60x82).....	4.75
Purse (green suede).....	.50
Rings, Silver, 3 to 9.....	1.00
10K Gold, 3 to 9.....	3.00
Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in.....	.15
Lots of 5 or more, each.....	.10
Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt.....	.50
Serps, green and gray mixture.....	.25
54-in. wide, per yard.....	4.25
Sewing Kit, Tin Case.....	.50
Aluminum Case.....	.50
Girl Scout Stationery.....	.55
Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11.....	.50
Sun Watch.....	1.00
Trefoil Emblem Suckers (embossed in gold).....	.02
3 for 5c; 12 for 15c; 100 for 1.00	
Thread, Green—500 yds.....	.10
Per dozen spools.....	1.00
† Uniform Make-up Sets.....	.50
1 Pattern.....	
1 Pair G. S. Lapels.....	
1 Spool of Thread.....	
1 Set of Buttons.....	
Wall Chart.....	1.25
(For troop records).....	.20
Whistles.....	.20
Wrist Watch, Radiolite.....	4.00
Tommy Ties.....	4.00
Nassau.....	6.50
Locust.....	12.50

Earn your own equipment with "American Girl" premiums. Write for a list



When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

BECAUSE of the law which prevents the illustrating of stamps of our own country, one of the hardest jobs I could find for myself is the one I now have in trying to discuss the postage stamps of the United States. Practically all of you have stamp catalogs and know that the stamps of the United States are listed before all other countries. Therefore the very first stamp to be listed in your catalog is the five cent buff provisional issued by the postmaster at Alexandria, Virginia in 1845. This is worth about seven thousand dollars. I won't ask how many you have in your collection.

For two years these provisional issues of the several postmasters were the only methods used to prepay postage on letters. In 1847 the first general postage stamp made its appearance. This was a five cent stamp, reddish brown, with a portrait of Benjamin Franklin and is worth about seven dollars in used condition.

Space will not allow descriptions of all of the early issues of postage stamps used in America. They are many, and some of them vary in such tiny details that a lot of real, earnest study is necessary to know them. Sixteen Presidents of the United States and nineteen other persons prominent in American history have had their portraits used as the subjects for United States stamps.

In addition to the regular series of ordinary postage stamps, seventeen commemorative issues and three memorial stamps have been authorized and placed on sale. The first of the United States commemoratives made its appearance on January second, 1893. This was known as the Columbian series and everyone of you who has any kind of stamp collection will have at least one or two of these stamps on the pages of your album.

Five years later, on June tenth, 1898, nine stamps appeared, to be known as the Trans-Mississippi—Omaha Exposition series. The stamps are of the same size as our present special delivery stamp and had as pictorial features, western outdoor scenes. This issue was discontinued on December thirty-first, 1898.

The Pan-American Exposition held at Buffalo, New York, from May to October 1901, had its series of postage stamps. There were six adhesives issued to commemorate this event and all of them, from the one cent to the ten cent denomination, were printed in two colors.

An interesting commemorative set was the Louisiana Purchase issue of 1904. Five different values were issued and the purpose was to make the subjects of this series appropriate. Livingston, who was United States minister to France, conducted the negotiations for the Louisiana Purchase. His portrait is on

the one cent stamp of this series and Jefferson, Monroe, McKinley, and the territory itself are on the other four.

In 1907 three stamps were issued to commemorate the founding of Jamestown and in 1909 three new sets appeared. To commemorate the development of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Territory, a special postage stamp of two cent denomination appeared. The tercentenary of the discovery of the Hudson River was also commemorated with a special two cent postage stamp. This was called the Hudson-Fulton issue. Early in the year, on February twelfth, a postage stamp was issued as a memorial to Abraham Lincoln on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

The opening of the Panama Canal in 1912; the successful outcome of the World War in 1918; the landing of the Pilgrims at Provincetown and Plymouth in December 1620; and the three hundredth anniversary of the settling of Wallons in New Netherlands (now the State of New York) in 1624 all had their commemorative postage stamps. The Victory stamp issued in 1919 is of three cent denomination.

The Harding memorial stamp, issued on September first, 1923, is exactly the same as the current one and a half cent stamp now being used. The same die as was used for the current stamp was used in the preparation of this memorial adhesive, but it was of two cent denomination, and printed in black.

In 1925 a series of three stamps was issued to commemorate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington and Concord. Later in the same year two stamps were issued, printed in two colors, to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the arrival in New York of the first group of immigrants to the United States from Norway.

Since the beginning of 1926 there have been seven commemorative issues, including the two postage stamps issued in December 1928 in connection with the International Aeronautics Congress. These issues were the Sesquicentennial; the Ericsson Memorial; the Battle of White Plains; the Burgoyne Campaign stamp; the Vermont Sesquicentennial; and the Valley Forge adhesives. Some of us might also include the two stamps issued to commemorate the Hawaiian Sesquicentennial Exposition and the Battle of Monmouth. As these stamps were really surcharged stamps on the current issues I have not included them in my count of seven different issues since 1926.

All of these commemoratives have been described in minute detail in different issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL at the different times when they were issued.



Dead Country Packet

Contains 18 all different countries which no longer issue stamps. Epirus, Ingermanland, Crete, Prussia, White Russia, Victoria, New South Wales, Western Australia, Queensland, former German Colonies and many others. This packet of stamps from obsolete countries for only 10c to approval applicants.

DE KALB STAMP CO.
Box 89 Garrett, Ind.

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Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belgium (Gates with pickets), Barbados (chariot and flying horses), Chile (battle scene), Egypt (pyramids and pyramids), Jugoslavia (mule slave breaking chain), Newfoundland (wild caribou), Mexico (serpentine sign), Trinidad (Goddess of Victory), Tunis (lighting Arab), and others. To approval applicants enclosing \$1.00 this great packet will be sent.

PIKES PEAK STAMP CO., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo.
IMPORTANT: If you act right now, we will also include free, a triangle stamp, perforation gauge and a small package of kings.

ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (green); value of forty million dollars (interesting); perforation gauge and mm. scale; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Transvaal, Malay, Dutch Indies, etc. etc.—entire outfit for 12c. To approval applicants, Nite pocket stockbook, val. 25c. with every order ANCHER STAMP CO., Box 318, Ramsey, N. J.

APPROVALS rich in France and Colonies, So. and Cent. America. Many priced at one cent each. Others higher. All priced net. A real premium package mailed each applicant sending satisfactory reference and enclosing stamp for postage on premium. I pay postage both ways on approvals. WALT DOMER, Elkhart, Ind.

100 DIFFERENT STAMPS Free

to those asking for our approvals and lists. Postage 2c.
1,000 Diff., \$1.00. 2,000 Diff., \$3.50.

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STAMPS FREE

12 large, showy picture stamps free with a request for my popular approvals at 50% discount. None better. Many good sets free with each return. Postage 2c.
A. BAUER PALMYRA, N. J.

STAMP ALBUM FREE

Spaces for 1200 stamps with purchase of 100 different unused stamps for 25 cents. Mexican \$5 Bill Free with 100 different foreign stamps for 10c.
S. NAGLE 1101 Marion READING, PA.

12 British Colonies Free

You will find the large, showy picture stamps on my approvals at 50% discount. Extra premium for prompt returns. Postage 2c.
Chas. Bushnell, 4728 Princeton Ave., Tacony, Phila., Pa.

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Also Chad, Camerouns, Congo, Gabon, Tunis, Ubangi, Transvaal, Indo-China, etc., etc. All of these "hard-to-get" countries and many others are contained in my Wonder Packet of 35 different stamps FREE to Approval Applicants only, including 4c for postage.
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SELL STAMPS We pay 33 1/3% commission. Unsold stamps returnable. Sample Sheet worth \$2.00. No investment required. Captain's name and address or other references.
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10 JAMAICA Free for those asking for my approvals. Prices from 1 cent and upwards. Good bargains. Send today. Send today.
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Approval Sheets 50% Discount. Sent Anywhere
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600 different stamps \$5.00; 1,100 \$1; 2,000 \$3.50. Largest 5 and 10c list in America.
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FINEST ONE CENT APPROVALS IN THE United States. STANTON, Niantic, Conn.

STAMPS 105, China etc., 2c. Album (500 illust.) 3c. List free. Bullard, B. Bay, Dept. 28, Boston

Dandy Packet Stamps, free with Approvals. WILLIAM MONJAR, 3130 Colerain, Cincinnati, Ohio.

107 All Diff. Stamps given free to Approval App.; 2c postage. Paige Stamp Co., Oak Park, Ill.

"The American Girl" makes a fine graduation present—give it to your chum

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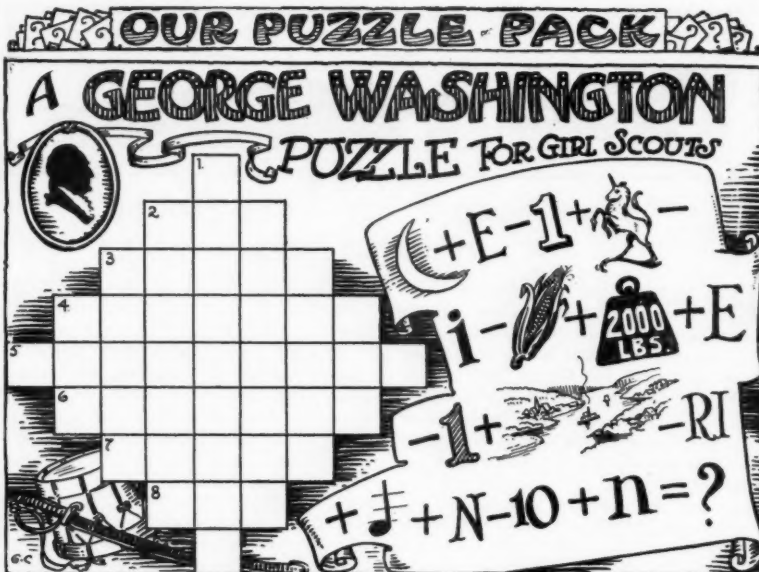
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The George Washington Puzzle

This month we do honor to the "Father of Our Country" and so our puzzle will have George Washington for its subject. We will begin with the form of squares on the left and fill in the blank spaces with words of the following definitions:

In spaces from numbers one and five, down and across, we spell the name of a place where Washington won a famous victory. Two, reading horizontally, is a prefix meaning three. Three is an impression. Four, another place where Washington won a battle. Six is a whole number. Seven is an Indian tribal symbol. Eight is correlative to *neither* or *not*. The words should read downwards in the same order as they do across.

The other panel shows a puzzle sum. Add and subtract as shown by the signs the various things indicated by picture or letters. The answer will be the name of a place famous to the memory of Washington.

Concealed Insects

The names of five insects are concealed in the following sentences.

1. After singing the solo, custard pie was served, together with other refreshments.
2. They will have to pay that sum; otherwise we will sue.
3. We planted all the beet, lettuce, and onion seeds in the south garden.
4. Imitating his peculiar lisp, I derided his efforts to explain.
5. After we anchor, nets and fishing tackle will be brought out.

An Acrostic

The first and last letters of the six four-letter words which are defined below will make the names of two famous Revolutionary patriots.

1. Rough play
2. Unbleached
3. Electrical unit
4. Paradise
5. Ecclesiastical tribunal
6. A kind of Dutch cheese

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. Bent without angles
2. Combination
3. Not pliant

4. Expressed opinions
5. Completed

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change ARMY into NAVY in eight moves.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

What is the difference between a cloud and a whipped child?

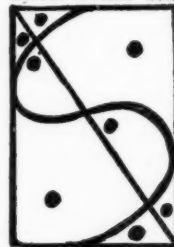
Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, six new words will be formed. The six added letters will spell the first name of a famous first Lady of the Land.

Arch, Mend, Each, Axes, Edge, Lone.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

SPACED DOLLAR SIGN



THE THRIFT PUZZLE: From arrow take all black spaces, going around the circle towards the right, then from arrow take the lined spaces, then the black and white, then the white. Proverb: "Every little makes a mickle."

AN ACROSTIC: Sink, Ulna, Levi, Toes, Axle, Near.

SULTAN, KAISER

AN ENIGMA: "Pay as you go, if you can't pay, don't go."

ADD A LETTER: The five added letters spell PENCE.

PUZZLE DEFINITIONS: 1. Hudson; 2. Lincoln; 3. Cadillac (caddy-lack); 4. Ford; 5. Essex (s-x); 6. Star; 7. Reo.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

T H R O B
H E A V E
R A Y O N
O V O I D
B E N D S

WORD JUMPING: Save, Cave, Care, Core, Corn, Coin.

Send in your original campaign ideas—you may win a prize

ON "THE AMERICAN GIRL"

Honor Roll



THE picture at the top of this page shows Pansy Troop Number Four of West Bend, Wisconsin, having one of its best good times with *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. And Pansy Troop is an authority on its own magazine for every member is a subscriber to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. They like it so well that they are planning to keep on being 100%. The troop is proud of its record, and so are we.

The girls in Troop Eleven of Hammond, Indiana, started an *AMERICAN*

GIRL drive to raise money to give to the Juliette Low Memorial Fund. Then someone suggested: "Let's try for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* Honor Roll, and get a picture of our troop in the magazine." So they did. And here are thirteen of them—there are nineteen in the troop and everyone a subscriber—in the picture below with their troop flag. They say they are growing so fast that they will have to have another drive soon to keep their fine record of being 100% subscribing.



"This Time I Found a Bargain!"



The Best Fountain Pen of Them All and You Use it 30 Days Before You Decide to Keep it!

THERE is only one way to get this remarkable pen. Instead of going to the corner store for it, you mail coupon below. But hundreds of thousands of people have found it well worth the trouble, for there is no other pen like it. By ordering it direct you save \$5.00 or more—and to enable you to make sure for yourself of all the things we say about it here, we allow you to use it 30 days and then return it if you are willing to part with it.

Costs Only \$2.50

Guaranteed Equal in Material and Workmanship to any Pen Selling at \$7, \$8.75 or more. —And It's Transparent!

The POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN (named POSTAL because it is sold by mail only) contains features found in no other pen. It is Transparent—you always see when it needs filling. It holds 3 to 4 times more ink than any other self-filling pen. Manufactured from same materials as used in highest priced pens. Never before have so many improvements and refinements been combined in a single, handsome, smooth-writing, never-clogging pen that you will be proud to own and delighted to use.

Postal

RESERVOIR PEN

POSTAL PEN CO., INC., 41 Park Row, Desk 368, New York City



Just Read These Remarkable Features!

It Is Transparent—You can always see exactly how much ink you've got. Can't run unexpectedly dry.
It Is Unbreakable—You can even step on it without injuring it. A wonderful pen for lifetime service.
It's the Smoothest Writing Pen You Ever Saw—Big, solid, 14-Karat gold point, tipped with the finest iridium.
It Is Self-filling—The easiest of all pens to fill.
It Holds 3 to 4 Times More Ink Than Any Other Self-filling Pen—Fill it once a month and get real "writing mileage."
And Remember—The materials and workmanship are guaranteed to be equal or superior to those found in any other pen, whether sold at \$7, \$8.75 or more.

How to Get the Postal Pen SEND NO MONEY

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. Do not send a penny! When you get your POSTAL PEN, you will also receive 5 post cards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of another pen. Every POSTAL PEN owner finds that his friends admire his remarkable pen and ask where they can get others like it. You can easily sell your premium post cards for 50c each and earn back the full price of your pen. You do not have to sell the cards—dispose of them any way you wish—whatever you make on them is yours to keep.

30 Days' FREE Trial!

Send for your POSTAL PEN *now*. State whether you want men's or women's model. Use it thirty days and if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be promptly refunded. You are to be the sole judge. Compare it with any pen at any price. Remember the price is low only because our sales policy of manufacturer-to-user eliminates all in-between profits, commissions and handling. Send the coupon *NOW* and learn what real fountain pen satisfaction is!

POSTAL PEN CO., INC.,
Desk 368, 41 Park Row, New York City

Please send me one POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN, and five special Premium Post Cards which I may give away or dispose of at 50c each. I will pay postman \$2.50 upon receipt of the pen. If after 30 days' use I desire to return the POSTAL PEN, you agree to refund purchase price. Send me the model I have checked. ☐ Men's size. ☐ Women's size.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon

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